













# THE COLUMBIAD,

A Poem.

By

ARCHIBALD TUCKER RITCHIE.

~~~~~  
——— Me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis  
Raptat amor juvet ire jugis, qua nulla priorum,  
Castalium molli divertitur orbito clivo.

VIRG.

•  
But the commanding Muse my chariot guides,  
Which o'er the dubious cliff securely rides,  
And pleas'd I am no beaten road to take,  
But first the way to new discoveries make.

• DRYDEN.

LONDON:  
SMITH, ELDER AND CO., CORNHILL.

1843.

**LONDON :**  
**Printed by STEWART and MURRAY,**  
**Old Bailey.**

## PREFACE.

IT is not my intention, when offering the COLUMBIAD to the public, to make any apology; for if it be worthy of attention, it will require none: if it should not, any apology I can offer will not remedy the defect.

Far less do I intend to seek shelter under the plea of having been induced to publish it at the solicitation of my friends: they knew nothing whatever of my intention.

There is one point, however, on which I consider it requisite to give some explanation. I allude to the similarity which exists in the plan, and some of the first parts of this Canto, to the great type of all seafaring scenes sung in verse—*Falconer's Shipwreck*.

I advocate, on all occasions, a strict adherence to candour, and in no instance, perhaps, will it be

found more becoming than on the present. When I commenced this Poem to assist in beguiling the tedium of a protracted voyage, there was a copy of *The Shipwreck* on board, and I read it then for the first time.

The remarkable coincidence of our fate, and, perhaps, the facility of finding a plan already laid down, so easy of adoption, induced me to model the commencement of the first Canto somewhat after it. On reaching our destination, and being engaged in more active pursuits, I discontinued writing; and on the return voyage, I dedicated my attention to another part of the Poem, leaving the former unfinished and in outline only until last year, when circumstances, which it is unnecessary to detail, induced me to resume and finish it. During the long period which intervened—nearly eighteen years—I neither looked at nor thought of it, nor did ten lines of poetry of any description pass through my imagination. My mind was occupied with matters of a very different description. This protracted intermission caused me to forget how near I had adhered to the plan laid down by Falconer. I neither remembered my own verses nor his sufficiently to

•  
•PREFACE.

be aware how closely I had followed his footsteps. To remedy this, I procured a copy of *The Shipwreck*, and on a comparison I suppressed several passages which I thought too servile an imitation. Others, giving a description of the ship, those on board, and the disasters we suffered, I allowed to remain, from the self-satisfying palliative, that as all ships have the same essential requisites in common, and gales of wind deal pretty much in the same way with vessels which they overtake on a lee shore, there was no more reason why I should not attempt to describe these circumstances poetically, than that actual occurrences should have been suppressed on the log-book, because log-books are kept on board of other vessels where *their* proceedings are likewise recorded. This appears all that is necessary to be said on this point. And I fondly hope, that after a lapse of so many years since the dangers of the watery waste have been attempted in verse, some small share of that favour with which *The Shipwreck* was received may be awarded to that which I now offer to the public.

It would be extremely gratifying to me to be made aware, that any thing which the COLUMBIAD

contains, should have the effect of curtailing, or assisting to put an entire stop to the wholesale traffic in opium now so prevalent ; and the more so as I should consider it a slight reparation for having at one time, although to a very limited extent, trafficked in this drug amongst the Malays. This very questionable branch of British commerce is much to be deplored as regards China. It is both to be deplored and dreaded as regards the Malayan Peninsula and Archipelago ; for there, the population of their thousand and one Islands, brought into closer and more intimate communication with the strangers who visit and who dwell amongst them than in China, cannot be narcotised by this abominable drug, without incurring the certainty of bringing down condign retribution upon those who administer the means of exciting their most dangerous passions !

And thus, from motives of no higher, or more spiritual import, should it be the concern of all who feel an interest in their own and their country's welfare, to do what in them lies to put a stop to this demoralizing traffic. While those who can raise their souls to look beyond the present, ought to be doubly zealous in endeavour-

ing to put a stop to it if possible, as it forms one of the greatest obstacles to the spread of the gospel amongst the deluded nations of the East; for none are willing to receive the Bible from the right hand of those whose left is occupied in forcing the clandestine commerce of a drug which destroys alike the energies of the soul and body!

Should the cosmographical views which I have ventured to unfold towards the conclusion of this Canto, be considered by any of my readers to be extreme, I have to beg their indulgent forbearance until the subject be thoroughly investigated, as I feel assured, it will eventually be found, that the fact of there having been a long, but, as far as we can at present determine, an indefinite period during which the Earth did not rotate round its axis, is that alone which can thoroughly reconcile the Works and the Word of the Great Creator; and that this dogma does fill up the present chasm in our knowledge which is required to make both be at one.

In conclusion, I beg to point out, that I have endeavoured on every possible occasion to direct the spirit upwards to the Fountain of all true confidence and happiness; for, without the soul-



sustaining conviction of a superintending and beneficent Providence, this world presents to the minds of its inhabitants little else than a wide and pathless waste over which they seem to travel without a competent guide, and without a determinate course ! But when viewed with reference to a higher overruling Power—such as He Himself has been graciously pleased to reveal to us—every thing appears in a different light ; the parts are found to be perfectly proportioned to each other, and to blend together harmoniously. The path is seen to be marked out with undeviating precision, and the re-assured traveller becomes persuaded of the satisfying truth, that he is journeying under the direction of an Omniscient Guide to those regions where all is eternal happiness and peace.

*Greenwich, Dec. 1842.*



## P R O E M.

WHEN youth in slothful pleasure time beguiles,  
And wastes his prime inglorious, on her smiles,  
Or, held by gentler bonds, ne'er seeks to roam,  
Content to waste life's buoyant days at home  
In selfish ease, unknown to danger's way,  
And swathed in luxury from day to day,—  
To minds thus fettered, how unknown must be  
The lot of those who vent'rous brave the sea,  
In fortune's train, a competence to earn,  
The world to read, or fellow-man to learn;  
Ambition's foot-ball, or the slave of time,  
Alike enticed to visit every clime;  
For ever striving, e'er with toils o'erspent,  
One object gained, but still on others bent,  
Urged on by avarice; and led by hope  
Their way through darkest dangers blind to grope.

Until misfortunes, in dim horrors dressed,  
Assail their path, their worldly course arrest !  
Hail, then, thou solace of their forlorn way !  
The Spirit's sunbeam on their gloomy day !—  
Soft Pity, hail ! who dost on sorrow wait,  
And gently binds the bleeding wounds of fate.  
When Heaven, sweet Maid ! did thee on man  
bestow,

Godlike the gift, and eased was half his woe :  
But should remorseless man, with savage heart,  
Resist thy power, when pleading woes impart  
A care-worn tale, in modest language couched,  
By truth confirmed, by sad experience vouched ;  
Still in the bosom of the softer fair—  
Thy sister woman,—thou canst harbour there ;  
Increased in lustre by her generous aid,  
Thy rays shall light misfortune's deepest shade,  
And kindly cheer the weary wanderer's soul,  
When dangers cease, and overcoming toil,  
To bless th' enjoyment of the hard-earned fruits  
Of active enterprise and keen pursuits ;  
Where, quivering in the balance oft had been  
Or life or death, with nice divided beam ;  
Now high in hope, now sunk in deep despair,  
Obscured by clouds, or shining in the glare !

What though the ills exceed the good that's  
 mix'd,  
 Severer still, to be for ever fixed  
 To some dull spot, where Sloth triumphant sways,  
 And sure foundation of all evil lays—  
 With fondest care doth vice and folly nurse;  
 And all the ills permitted man to curse.

But spurning scenes inglorious e'en to thought,  
 To train the mind by enterprise we sought,  
 And, self-command and prompt decision gained,  
 All overweening passions strictly reined.  
 For warm's the blood that flows through danger's  
 heart,  
 When hardships come, it nobly bears its part;  
 And should misfortune, in the general plan  
 Of Providence, assail a brother man,  
 Though struggling too against the worldly wave,  
 Both heart and hand are ever prone to save.

'Tis ours (so trained) from dangers now released,  
 And travel's gnawing thirst at length appeased,  
 To trace the mazes of our varied way,  
 Where chance, we thought, maintained a dubious  
 sway;

When blinded ignorance our souls confined,  
And Heaven itself was distant from the mind ;  
While tossed by tempests, and assailed by foes,  
Wrecked in our hopes, and plunged in deepest  
                  woes,

We wandered on to lands but little known,  
And viewed the wonders of each circling zone ;  
Till sad experience made us sternly know  
*That Heaven directs what happens here below ;—*  
Proved by recital of no fancied theme,  
No night illusion, nor no mid-day dream ;  
But actual all, in every line we trace  
The teeming actions of a ling'ring space ;  
In the fond hope, that some unconscious lip  
May taste the moral, while the tale they sip,  
And fixed beyond retraction's barb remain,  
Though the rude song be simple in its strain ;  
For since such stirring themes engaged our soul,  
How oft, exposed to fortune's blind control !  
Doomed e'er to roam through each uncertain clime,  
From northern snows to equinoxial line ;  
In search of knowledge zealous to explore,  
In quest of wealth to seek each anxious shore ;  
But ever as we roamed the boundless way,  
Misfortune's clouds bedimmed the cheerless day.

And ah ! how oft has misery's chilling gloom  
 Nipt Fancy's flowers ere yet they were in bloom !  
 Then leave, ye critics, your severer laws,  
 And mildly judge our unassuming cause :  
 No holly-wreath our brows ambitious claim ;  
 More emulous still, we seek the SOUL'S reclaim :  
 And, should we be constrained, in stricter part,  
 Rude names to sing, and ruder terms of art ;  
 On ears nice tuned such jarring sounds may grate ;  
 But truth commands, and all we must relate :  
 For in the mind, as beams of summer day,  
 The crowded scenes in just succession play,  
 In vivid colours with true light and shade.  
 Then come, bright Fancy ! add thy mystic aid,  
 Unroll thy web, with gossamer that vies,  
 On air that floats, with every breath that flies ;  
 Touched with nice skill, display to sudden light  
 Thy fairy scenes to charm the gazer's sight ;  
 Though, should a hand more rude thy robe invade,  
 To air dissolve, or shrinking, quickly fade.  
 Then come, enchantress, and thou, Memory, too,  
 And give to verse the retrospective view !

But first, ye guardians of melodious song,  
 To whom the sacred springs of verse belong,

Say, why is commerce yet to you unknown?  
No judge appointed from your tuneful throne,  
To guard the fountain, and direct its course  
Of good from Heaven to man, a bounteous source?

View darker ages, sunk in misery low,  
Ere social blessings reached them here below.  
Strangers to each, men often met as foes,  
Till stricter intercourse from traffic rose,  
And kinder feelings, based on mutual need,  
Did falsehood, rapine, and dire hate succeed;  
This Commerce wrought, and broke down every  
fence,  
And cleared the way through rude domains of sense,  
The mind to raise, to meliorate the heart,  
Implant true faith, and root out selfish art;  
Till, soft and pure, the soul at length essays  
To breathe Religion, and receive its rays.

Pure are its waters, and of subtile power,  
Like Spring, or early May-day's genial shower,  
Refreshing all, and as they onward roll,  
Bear richest benefits from pole to pole;  
'Mid verdant banks its limpid waters flow  
And fairest flowers and fruits luxuriant grow;

Soft o'er its bosom sounds the lute of peace,  
 Whose notes melodious echo and increase ;  
 But the rude blast of war flies ruffling, hoarse,  
 Disturbs the current, and destroys the source.

No medium state in commerce can be found ;  
 The laws of honour are its strictest bound ;  
 Practised in purity, it leads to joy,  
 But soon to poison turns by base alloy.  
 Should aught that's tainted e'er approach its flow,  
 Sudden its touch the least defect will show ;  
 For even sprinkled by the slightest spray,  
 The morbid evil stands exposed to day :  
 Nor yet enough from worse diseases free,  
 No hollowness must lurk within the tree ;  
 For even here the test to wisdom proves  
 The latent fault, and all disguise removes ;  
 E'en though from ills and wants yet far apart :  
 If undue caution rules the sordid heart,  
 And plodders think to wade through mud and ooze,  
 Nor dare the stream, afraid their way to lose,  
 Though sound, determined by the searching test,  
 No pleasure's felt, and small their gains at best ;  
 And, though when bold, with steady course they seem  
 To glide, unhallowed men, the rapid stream,



Though tried, untarnished, if by *self* impelled,  
Awhile they float, but soon their vigour's quelled.

But view its chosen sons opposed to these:  
No prejudices warp, nor fell disease;  
Not brighter, in the vault of tropic clime,  
On cloudless eve, does lustrous Vesper shine,  
To shed on earth its clear and sparkling light,—  
The fairest star that reigns o'er moonless night!  
Than they; while charity and honour wreath  
Their manly brows, and freedom's tones they  
breathe;

Boldly they steer, nor dread the rapid tide;  
But safe, experienced, o'er its surface glide;  
New channels form, feracious streams to bear,  
Till earth's extremes the bounteous blessings share;  
Borne by the sons of commerce and of peace,  
On whose approach lean want and miseries cease.  
Hear, then, kind Heaven! my prayer, and grant  
thine aid,

Yield thy protection to the sons of trade;  
But teach them Thou—oh! let them ne'er forget,  
*Should vices rise, their brilliancy will set!*

THE COLUMBIAD.

~~~~~  
CANTO I.—PART I.  
~~~~~

## ARGUMENT OF CANTO I.

Departure of the Ship from Bengal—An attempt to describe those who were entrusted with the cargo, and those who had the Command—The Ocean—Speaking a vessel at sea, and the usual occurrences on board thereafter—Adaptation of shipboard for improving the mind—The opportunities it enjoys by the great natural objects presented to it—The firmament—The advantages of geographical knowledge—The benefits that have been conferred on mankind by enlightened and scientific navigators,—Capt. Cook, Capt. Ross, Capt. Parry, and others—Entrance to the Straits of Malacca—The Nicobars—The Cocos and Narcondam—Popular belief of protracted calms off the Island of Pera—Approach to Penang—Sketch of its early History—Description of an opium smoker from similar actual occurrences—The Harbour and Town of Penang described—Départure from it—Prosecution of the voyage through the Straits—Arrival at Malacca—Short description—History traced from the earliest to the resumption of their Eastern possessions by the Dutch—Motives for a speedy departure, and prosecution of the voyage eastward—The Carimans—Arrival at Singapore—Its founder, Sir Stamford Raffles—Ideal formation of the town and environs, from a sketch of the ground, when as yet there were but a few temporary erections on it—The advantages of Singapore as a British entrepot, on account of its locality, salubrity, &c.—Departure for Manila—Coral reefs abounding in the China Seas—Polypifers, their wondrous combinations and productions—False conclusions drawn by geologists from the increase of coral islands.

## CANTO I.

### PART I.

WITH laws immutable, the fervid Sun  
Had to the north its farthest limits run,  
And Leo passed, whose fiery glaring face  
With heat oppressive sears the human race ;  
And modest Virgo, now, with milder rays,  
His tempered beams reflecting, ruled the days :  
When, by the practised pilot's skilful hands,  
Our seaward ship had cleared the southern sands  
That on Bengala's coast are dangerous found,  
To South Columbia's shores, advent'rous bound,  
Charged with the produce of her native soil—  
The farmer's increase, and the workman's toil :  
Anxious to sail, with ill-dissembled joy  
We bid adieu ;—and soon the hands employ  
The boats to lash, and from the decks to clear  
The cables, halsers, and all harbour gear ;

The master, then, (whose cares have now begun,)  
In early day observes th' ascending sun :  
While some assistant, with discerning eye,  
The moment marks that with the *sights* comply,  
To these applies the latitude, with art,  
Denotes the spot, and marks the faithful chart :  
These dues complete, we fill the slumb'ring sail,  
With yards due braced to meet the sidelong gale ;  
The course nice fixed, the careful timonier,  
South-east-by-south is ordered straight to steer.  
With *sheet* scarce *home*, the barque soon hastes

away,

And leaves the land, a wide and sandy bay ;  
Nor stems the sea with more elastic bound,  
Than hopes prospective in each breast are found,  
O'er eastern seas to wend our liquid course, .  
In quest of fortune's ever-varying source ;—  
Proudly at first we plough the sounding main,  
And haughty, view all others with disdain ;  
But soon misfortunes from above are sent—  
Our pride is humbled, and our spirit bent.  
Like some fierce bull of Andalusian breed,  
Which rustic hinds to crowded circus lead ;  
Boldly at first he rushes on the foe,  
Disdaining pointed lance, or galling blow ;

Then urged by furious rage he blindly stoops—  
Before his eyes his foe the banner droops,  
Vain of his skill, deriding all his hate,  
Till the shrill trump proclaims the other's fate.  
Then, swift descending, comes the fatal sword,  
That sends him bleeding o'er the gore-stained sward;  
The rankling wound he feels with deep disgrace,  
And faint, retires, with unfirm lagging pace;—  
So creeps our injured barque along the main,  
And trails her wounded body on with pain—  
A shelter seeks, where, lab'ring and oppressed,  
The ills she suffers may be soon redressed.

But ere to verse we give our varied way,  
Be ours to tell, who held supremest sway  
O'er the brave ship, and crew of every land  
And every tongue,—a Babylonish band!

O'er the rich freight, with equal length of rein,  
Two men are found—two worlds apart did train  
To laws of commerce: Orpheus, silver-tongued;  
And Jason, next, in conjoint duties bound.

Thrice had the summer shed a pleasing heat,  
And thrice had winter, with loud howling, beat

Against the Andes with deep snows o'ercrowned,  
Since Orpheus left his fertile native ground.  
Chili, far-famed, by daring souls inspired,  
The tyrant's dread, by freedom bravely fired,  
His birth-right owned, nor failed these feelings pure,  
From freedom's cause no bribe could him allure ;  
In manners gentle, deeply versed in books,  
Though grave, yet courteous, with engaging looks.

Of Jason, had not truth required his name,  
Nought had been said, his deeds unknown to fame ;  
Unlike Prince Æson's fortune-favoured son,  
The golden fleece in other days who won.  
Where Clutha's stream divides the sister isles,  
With verdure clothed, and decked in flowery  
    smiles,  
He thence his lineage undistinguished drew ;  
And youth's full flow of happiness he knew ;  
Yet, not unmixed, for cares would oft intrude,  
His mind, though buoyant, could not well exclude.

Fair Isles ! your image stands in fair array  
Before the memory ; and in bright display  
Recalls the beauties of your vales and hills,  
And flowery paths round clear and sparkling rills ;

Those glowing scenes, when o'er the neighb'ring  
deep

The eye excursive from thy mountains sweeps,—  
The snowy brightness of each sandy bay,  
Where eddying waves in gentle murmurs play,  
Responsive to the sea-bird's ceaseless cry,  
As round thy rocks unharmed they boldly fly;  
By laws protected—thine the generous gift—  
Secured from murder, or the schoolboy's theft:  
Nor unrewarded thou. Oh, gladsome sight!  
By western breezes guided in their flight,—  
The sprightly harbingers of summer days,  
The cheerful tenants of thy rocks and bays,  
Are yearly welcomed to their sacred grounds,  
While to their notes the joyful air resounds!  
Oh, loved abode!—Ah, happy, happy days,  
When, free as air, he strayed around thy bays,  
Along thy banks, or o'er thy painted meads,  
Where scene to scene in richest hue succeeds;  
Or watched the setting sun, reflective, pay  
A golden farewell to a joyous day.  
Or happier still, when some kind-hearted soul  
Made him a partner of his seaward toil;—  
When, round thy sister shores, or vassal isles,  
They caught the scaly tribes by numerous wiles;



Or, still more dear, because by stealth he went,—  
Despite a mother's fears—on plunder bent,  
To climb thy boldest crags, a dizzy height,  
To rob its younglings from the bird at night.  
Thus taught his new-fledged wings their flight to soar:  
Ah! had he never flown thy peaceful shore;  
But shunn'd ambition and her anxious train,  
Secure at home; nor dared the treacherous main!  
Not his the fault, for nature showed the way,—  
*The summer bird ne'er saw the winter's day,*  
But winged its passage to a warmer sphere,  
When falling leaves proclaimed the winter near;  
Sweet isle! forgive him, if with them he flew,  
Yet failed, when summer's breath the flowerets blew,  
To visit thee again,—his first delight:  
Far distant has he strayed with painful flight,  
Through climes inclement doomed since then to roam,  
Yet oft in thought he sought his native home.

The young Mercator o'er the motley band  
(From Europe, Afric, and from Hindust'han :)  
Held rule supreme, with strict, though just com-  
mand;  
He, too, fair Scotia owned as parent earth,  
And Clyde's pure stream was witness of his birth.

Accept, oh Clyde ! accept our filial lay,—  
A pleasing tribute, which we gladly pay ;  
Proud of our birth on noble stream like thee,  
We willing bend, in praise, our humble knee.  
Thy clear blue winding stream majestic flows,  
While either bank with richest verdure glows ;  
Thy daughters fair, with health-illumined face,  
Are robed in virtue, and excel in grace ;  
Thy sons, a hardy enterprising band,  
Seek every shore, inhabit every land :  
While, borne in triumph, each alternate tide  
Wafts the rich fleets that o'er thy bosom glide,  
Conveying home the wealth of foreign shores,  
Thy sons to comfort, and enrich their stores.

Sprung from a House, which ever on the main  
Had held command, and there sought fortune's  
fane,

Mercator followed, with intent to trace  
The well marked footsteps of his vent'rous race ;  
Columbia's isles had ever been *their* course,—  
In former times the seaman's best resource ;  
But now monopoly, whose selfish plan  
Forbade all commerce with her Hindust'han,  
More generous grown, these obstacles withdrew  
Which guarded else the fortunes of the few :

The many, now, with gilded hopes elate,  
Rush to the field, and share a chequered fate ;—  
Mercator's fav'ring fortunes there attend,  
From shipwreck save him, and his views extend :  
In years though young, yet old in prudence' way,  
Taught to command by learning to obey :  
The varying phases of the silvery moon,  
The stars of midnight, and the sun at noon,  
Their laws and motions all to him are known,—  
His guide in safety to remotest zone.

Next to Mercator, Tethys held the sway ;  
In varied tongue he taught them to obey :  
In 'Scotia born ; a son of Ceres, he  
Left the broad lawn to plough the faithless sea :  
Scarce twenty summers yet had sunned his brow,  
Yet (such does early industry allow),  
He Scandinavia's shores, bright Gallia's plains,  
Italia, and Sicilia's fair domains,  
Had seen, and earned a plenteous store,  
Of ancient, modern, and of nautic lore.

But why, oh Tethys ! couldst thou leave thy  
groves,  
Thy milky herds, and gentle fleecy droves,

Where rich Autumnus, with no sparing hand,  
Spreads golden plenty o'er thy father's land,  
To search for fortune 'midst such cheerless ways,  
Scorched by the vertic sun's inclement rays,—  
Where dangers, death, and sickness often reign,  
Nor parent nigh to cheer thee in thy pain?  
Thy mind, no doubt, on enterprise was bent,—  
The ray expansive, that by Heaven is sent,  
To urge us forth new regions to explore,  
And thus progressive people every shore:  
For, such is man, and so designed his state,  
To follow each his path, with hopes elate.

From Kent's staunch shores, the next in order  
came,  
Firm knit his frame, and Dædalus his name,  
Like him well skilled in operative art;  
In varied language to command alert;  
Could wile the finny tribe, or through their heart,  
With nice precision, send th' unerring dart;  
Well read in science, whose celestial rays  
Denote to mariners their trackless ways;  
Though still but young, though scarce to manhood  
grown,  
He sultry climes and varied lands had known;

Like Tethys, too, he scorned a rustic life,—  
Left peaceful shades for elemental strife ;  
Yet, such the allurements of a life of ease,  
His mind with rural scenes he oft would please ;  
In midnight hour, with watch and cares o'ercome,  
His wayward thoughts would seek their native  
home.

But joys like these could only transient pass,  
Or serve to charm the slowly ebbing glass ;  
For cares immediate all his soul engross,  
As howls the gale, and billows rudely toss.

Last, Palinurus, with decreased command,  
His fainter rule held o'er the mingled band ;  
On Scotia's native Isles he left his crook  
In Brevis' suite, content her frowns to brook ;  
Tired of a farmer's toils, he sought the sea,  
And stormy waves preferred to sheltered lea :  
Unlike the rest, whose sires could them endow  
Each with a farm, he often held the plough ;  
Of manners simple, yet sincerely true,  
He soon became the favourite of the crew.

For thy untimely fate I silent weep,  
Oh, storm-struck victim of th' insatiate deep !

I see thee struggling on the tempest wave  
Invoking all, expiring life to save !  
Now in the hollow sunk to gloomy night,—  
Now tossed on high upon the foaming height ;  
Gasping—ah ! sinking with thy cumbrous weight,—  
Thy shrieks our pitying souls distracted rend, .  
While succour the loud storm denies to send ;  
Less and still less the merciless barque appears,  
Till, lost to sight, from thy sad bosom tears,  
By anguish rent, the last remaining prop,  
The latest ray of life-sustaining hope :  
Faint, and more faint, then all his struggles o'er,  
Resigned to fate, he sank to rise no more !

Ah ! death, how aggravated are thy woes,  
When, groaning, writhing in thy fatal throes,  
A friend implores our unavailing aid,  
And yet in vain,—no efforts can be made !  
For ah ! alas ! no help in human power  
Could save thee, Palinurus, in that hour.

No more with gladness shall thy parents hail,  
Thy home return, with joyful nearing sail ;  
But when loud rumour with quick-spreading breath  
Shall bring them tidings of thy mournful death,

To their sad tears, let consolation own,  
'That all who knew, sincerely loved their son.

Such were the men who held supremest rule :  
The band more common form a wider school ;  
Mahomet's laws, most scrupulously lined,  
Divide the crew with limits clear defined :  
There Allah's children, with well-fancied lights  
For Houri sigh and Paradise delights ;  
Here worshippers of Boud'ha and of Joyce  
The others scorn, and in *their* rites rejoice ;  
And we in ours, with surer grounds of grace,  
Consider each a far inferior race :

Yet, such the power of lucre o'er mankind,  
Within such narrow space, how oft we find  
In quest, all nations and all faiths combined !

With gilded hopes elate we onward speed,  
And o'er the watery waste ambitious thread  
Our skill-directed way ; while round the view  
Is air and ocean joined in distant blue,—  
Nature's great ornament, the glorious sea,—  
The living ocean, full of majesty !

True to the seasons, the responsive earth  
To varied suits alternately gives birth ;

Though changed in mantle, yet in form the same,  
Not as the ocean doth our wonder claim :  
For this magnificent, doth all surpass  
An ever varying, ever moving mass.  
With it in all the world, what can compare —  
Expanse of water, bound by ambient air !

See yonder breezes, as they gently sweep  
The placid surface of the slumbering deep ;  
Which, pleased, responsive, as they pass along,  
Salutes the zephyrs with a murmuring song :  
Throws up in sportive waves, to kiss the breeze,  
A jocund field of azure curling seas ;  
But see the liquid mass, in altered form !  
Behold the fury of the raging storm !  
White are its mountain billows—loud its roar,  
As mad it chafes on yonder sounding shore :  
Serene no longer, nor cerulean bright,  
But hoarse, audacious, dark as wintry night !  
Yet still attractive,—still the darling sea  
To kindred minds, whate'er its mood may be ;—  
Calm and resplendent—sportive to the gale,  
Or roused in contest, when the winds assail,—  
In grandeur still, in majesty the same,—  
The Earth's great ornament, the sounding Main !



Tired e'en with it, though formed so well to  
please,

A change is sought from never ending seas;  
The eye-balls strain in quest of distant forms,  
And cloudy lands are hailed, the sport of storms:  
Nor damped by these, more keen direct the  
gaze,—

At last successful, through the distant haze  
Behold yon speck,—the unassisted eye  
On the horizon's verge can scarce descry:  
Though to the practised seaman's lynx-like glance,  
It seems a vessel on the quick advance;  
Now more distinct, the lower sails appear,—  
The plainest proof we cling upon a sphere:  
While each to other, boldly seems to rise  
From the blue wave to kiss the nether skies:  
Swift o'er the frothy seas we skim our way,  
And passing, bow, due courtesy to pay;  
With rules well known; for think not that the  
laws

Have left the sea a rude and shapeless chaös,  
Like its own waves, the sport of every storm;  
And lives of hundreds resting on—"I scorn  
"To yield an inch to *thee* of equal force!"  
As sometimes happens on the modish course,

When two proud beaux, surrounding crowds impel  
Against each other, on the western mall,—  
More like two beauties on a morning round  
Of courteous visits to their friends around,  
When, should the chariots with the rival fairs  
Each other meet, the Johns rein in their pairs  
With dexterous skill, nor servile fears transpire,  
Though rattling flints emit a stream of fire :  
So we, saluting on the distant seas,  
Back the main-top-sail to repel the breeze ;  
Thus rein *our* steeds to ask each other's news,  
(And that in courtesy, we nothing lose,)  
Impart our own, to render full its dues ;  
Then wave adieu ! and fill the slumbering sails,  
To speed our voyage with propitious gales.

Loud the debates which now on board take  
place,  
Each word we weigh, and every tone retrace  
Of all that's told ;—for such at sea are news,—  
To parched plants like soft refreshing dews,—  
Serve as a tonic to the morn's repast,  
Digested through the day,—are changed at last ;  
Appear at dinner—quite a varied class,  
According to the mind through which they pass ;

Some knew the man but late in health, now dead,  
Whose charming widow will,—but she, they said—  
(Here grief, or wine, creates a sudden pause,  
Filled up by others, with no fav'ring clause.)—  
Another saw the ship that's wrecked below,  
Late from the slip into the water go,  
As if 'twas proof against the rock-disease ;  
But then—her captain was no master-piece !  
To end a dire dispute, deep bets are laid,  
That she which went to Siam late to 'trade,  
Shall back return, as empty as she's now,  
Unless the bar they cross, or other how  
Appease with gifts the haughty Sultan's pride ;  
While others hold,—that out at sea she'll ride.

With themes like these, while pass the precious  
hours,

Subjects so puerile occupy their powers,  
Become a habit—and at length o'erpower.  
But time, too, flies with never ceasing speed,—  
To race with him, requires an active steed !  
Yet nowhere better, were but men inclined,  
Than ship-board, to improve the studious mind ;—  
For thoughts exalted, yielding calm delight,  
What scene more fitting than a stilly night,

On spangled ocean, where around the scene  
Lie dark blue waters, with a sky serene !  
On board, no voice to break the hallowed charm,—  
Without, no cause for danger or alarm ;  
But soft, the vessel parts the liquid main  
That meets behind to form her sparkling train, •  
Unmatched in brilliancy by aught below,  
Save mimic stars that from its surface glow.  
In bright reflection from the rippling wave  
Whose dashing sprays the passing vessel lave  
With cheerful rushing sound, to seamen's ears  
Sweet as the music of the heavenly spheres.

On eve like this, when all around is bright,  
And peace within, who can resist a flight  
To yonder glories, nor with up-cast eyes  
In admiration view the studded skies ?  
Nor wonder at the power, whose laws can solve  
How stars and planets in their course revolve,  
By forces opposite maintained in space,  
Preserving each in its appointed place !  
'Tis thou, Astronomy, the wanderer's guide,  
And sure conductor o'er the pathless tide,—  
To man a friend, a universal friend,  
Thou aid divine to mundane toils dost lend :  
Had thy pure lights not shone to lead us on,  
The globe terraqueous had not yet been known,

For, fearful groping on his trackless way,  
'Man from his home had been but loth to stray.  
What though thy beams are partial, not complete,  
They are as bright as for our state is meet.  
Wond'rous the flight the human mind can trace  
'Midst heavenly orbs, and penetrate through space,  
And scarcely erring, can the path foretell  
Where in the boundless Heavens they're made to  
    dwell ;

But who shall say, that man shall ever know  
Their utmost laws, while he is here below ?  
Nor are we certain, that our minds, as here,  
Could brook a perfect vision of the sphere ;  
And yet enough is known for wisdom's need,  
When minds ingenuous seek these lights indeed,  
To learn by Science, of the starry throng,  
Such laws as it has said to them belong.

Oh, glorious, wondrous host, supremely bright !  
Who can behold thee in refulgent night  
And doubt one moment of a Power divine ?—  
Could dare to perpetrate the slightest crime,—  
Could in thy presence e'er conceive offence,—  
Could, viewing thee, give way to lusts of sense ?  
Could, thee regarding, not with love o'erflow  
To that great Power which taught thee too to glow ?

Could not imagine the Eternal's face  
Shone in thy lights, and beamed through all thy  
space?

Could for a moment wish on earth to stay,  
Nor wing a flight towards thy bright array?

Oh brilliant sparkling throng, through all your  
range

Ye were, and are, and will be free from change!  
Beneath your pure, serene, resplendent view,—  
While on ye shine with undiminished hue,—  
How puerile are our highest thoughts!—How vain  
The sublunary hopes we entertain!  
What sad vicissitudes have happened here—  
What signs have passed successive o'er our sphere!  
Say, do ye heed them? In your calm career  
Is tyrant's anger, or the subject's fear  
Are state intrigues, or war's sulphureous frowns,—  
Are slaughtered armies, or storm-plundered  
towns—  
Are blasts of jealousy, of anger, strife—  
Are daggers raised against a brother's life—  
Are ills, or dangers, toils, or wasting dearths,  
Or meaner broils, that cloud domestic hearths—  
Are these immediate to your placid sight?—  
Or are they wrapt in black impervious night?

No, no : ye heed them not ; like flitting clouds  
Whose shadow oft your fervid lustre shrouds ;  
Onward they pass, descending to the grave,  
Like the same clouds that sink beyond the wave ;  
While others follow, for a time to dwell,  
Pass on their way, and like them, too, dispel !

The sad may mourn, and raise their streaming  
eyes,

Despairing lovers may breathe forth their sighs ;  
The houseless wretch, the unclaimed orphan boy,  
The happy, crowned with victory or joy,  
May onward pass, and tell their tales of woe,  
Or vaunt enjoyment in this vale below :  
But what are they to your unequalled grace,  
As on ye roll on high through destined space ;  
Far, far beyond our sublunary cares,  
Alike regardless of our joys or prayers,—  
Unheeding all, ye shed your ancient light,  
That viewed creation, and illumines to-night.  
Our fathers oft your sacred beams have blest,  
And theirs beneath your rays have gone to rest ;  
Our sons shall view your still unfading light  
When we and all our cares have sunk to night :  
And ye still shine in glorious calm career,  
When HE shall come to judge the mundane  
sphere !

A sister science claims our grateful praise,  
Whose lights are shed on earth — benignant  
rays ;

Her charge it is to mark each distant shore,  
And teach mankind their topographic lore,  
Describe the field o'er which he's born to reign, —  
Without her aid, Astronomy's were vain ;  
While she *minutely* points the distant way, —  
The sons of Commerce catch the inspiring ray ;  
Pursue their paths as her sure finger guides,  
To spread their patron's fertilizing tides.

Join'd with humanity and peace, she led  
Her son illustrious, in their cause who bled ;  
While he exploring, sought the distant isles, •  
To give them, votive, to instructions smiles.

Benevolent man ! they now invoke thy name,  
And for *their father* grieve with heartfelt shame ;  
Thy early enterprise hath also scaled  
To true religion, what thy toils revealed ;  
And from thee, too, of late have scions sprung,  
Imbided thy maxims, to thy precepts clung,  
Spread o'er the ocean, and through ev'ry zone,  
Till every land from pole to pole is known,  
And thy pure spirit fires a later name ; —  
Of death ambitious, or eternal fame,



With bold intent to intersect the globe  
Where thy sad fate prevented thee to probe.  
Wrapt in the stillness of a living tomb,  
By night enshrouded in continual gloom ;—  
Oh ! shield him Heaven, attend our ardent prayer,  
And, sympathetic Spirit, be thou there !  
Waft from him dangers, elemental strife,  
Save him from harm, and spare his vent'rous life !\*

When first our wings were spread for Eastward  
flight,  
Cynthia was young, and shed a timid light,  
So near the fount, that scarce a sunbeam fell,  
Her habitation in the heavens to tell :  
More distant wand'ring now, through half the zone  
She had progressed, and all resplendent shone ;  
Coursed through the spangled vault on eve serene,  
With air majestic, night's unrivall'd queen ;  
For though she flaunts on high with borrow'd rays,  
Her debt to earth usuriously she pays :—  
Nature's own dial, formed by art Divine  
To guide mankind, and mark the lapse of time ;  
Taught by her movements in the starry space,  
Their way o'er pathless seas secure to trace ;

Thus, Heaven's own monitor, when earth denies,  
Directs their course from yonder glorious skies.

Led by her beacon, eastward, on our way,  
We gain the margin of the Southern Bay,  
Where, in the destined track, a group appears,  
Past which, with steady course, our vessel steers,  
Nor hidden danger dreads, 'neath surface fair,  
No shelving shoals, nor sunken rocks are there.

Would that the land were free from evil fame!  
Depraved and faithless, we these isles proclaim;  
And scarce a voyager on Eastern seas,  
But the dread Andamans with loathing sees;—  
To trade averse,—urged by demoniac will,  
Dire anthropophagy incites to kill!

Yes! there they stand, a monument to tell  
How sank the human soul when mankind fell!  
Dreadful to think, that centuries have pass'd  
Since Britain's lot around these isles was cast,  
And yet that unregenerate they remain,  
A dismal spot, in Satan's dark domain!

Stung by the thought, we steer with urgent  
haste,  
Flee from their sight, and gain the watery waste;  
Approaching now the narrower seas between  
Malaya's coast, and westward, bold Acheen,—

Entrance well worthy of the noble scene,  
Of inland sea, with isles that intervene  
Thickly bespangled like the stars of night,  
One lost to view, another *heaves* in sight.—  
To guard the portal, stand two cones erect,  
Of massive rock, in desert grandeur deck'd ;  
Still unsubdued, to human sway unknown,  
By lonely sea birds tenanted alone.  
The Coco Isles,—twin brothers of the sea,—  
We quickly leave—the greater on the lee,  
And Narcondam approach, whose stately head  
We closely pass, nor hidden dangers dread :  
But, cautious trav'ler, bring not near to view  
Pera's white isle, fair clad in silver hue,—  
A magic spot, where calms prevailing reign,  
Your course with charms insidious to detain,  
Among its treacherous deeps ; but not alone  
Are calms the bane of that far dreaded zone :  
Here sweep the ocean, with terrific blast,  
Winds born of skies not yet by clouds o'ercast,  
But clear, serene, evade the seaman's search ;—  
One only cloud,—in form a perfect arch,  
With edge uneven, rising towards the land,  
At first not larger than the prophet's hand,

But soon the storm, like desolation's blast,  
Comes fearful on, and strains each quivering mast;  
Like dire temptation that assails our path,  
'Tis vain and dangerous to deride its wrath;  
The only safeguard, to reduce the sail,  
And quickly veering, scud before the gale:  
But heaven-befriended now; not such our lot,—  
We pass securely this far-dreaded spot;  
No tempest harrows up the ocean's verge,  
Nor calms delay, but safely we emerge,  
And onward speed, till, tinged with faintest blue,  
Penang appears, to bound the distant view:  
Round its high northern shores we boldly sweep,  
Where watchful signals scour the distant deep;  
Nor long the master's practised skill delayed,  
To gain the harbour there, secure embayed:  
Here, floating gaily on the balmy gale,  
Are seen all ensigns, and each nation's sail,  
With varied burden, and more varied form,  
In sheltered safety they avoid the storm.

Thou faithful guardian of historic page,  
Who record keepst of each succeeding age,  
Aid me to tell, how first this island drew  
Its laws from Britain, and its manners knew:

Of recent birth, what quick progressive rise !  
Its sons now numerous, diligent, and wise ;  
To culture prone, zealous with care to twine,  
Round its supports, the clustering acrid vine ;  
Yet memory's living page, distinct can trace  
Its late subjection to a barbarous race,  
Till Light, of Quedah's generous favour won  
The island free,—the dowry of a son ;  
He, join'd with others (ere it formed a part  
Of British India, governed from the heart),  
His right maintained against a captious crew,  
And oft their powers by stratagem o'erthrew :  
At length adopted, trained to nicer rules,  
It owned the manage of more pompous schools ;  
In hopes prospective,—hopes, alas ! in vain,  
Of docks and harbours for our naval train.\*  
Though blighted these, yet other plans are laid,  
And prospects fair present themselves in trade ;  
Becomes the mart where nations meet in peace,  
Whom others dread, but here suspicions cease ;  
A boon procured by men, experience-taught,  
Who found protection, which in need they sought ;  
Received and cherished (when a treacherous crew  
From faithful servants, to assassins grew),

\* See Note B.

Held, when restored to this, the generous plan,  
“ *That man should ever be a friend of man.*”  
Thus have I seen, with feelings of delight,  
(To those in commerce what more pleasing sight?)  
Erect in confidence, with firmest pace,  
Frequent the mart, men of each eastern race,—  
The northern Birman,— eastern Siamese,  
The distant Bouggies, and the skilled Chinese;  
The Parsee banished from his native home,  
And sly T'lingas, who for lucre roam;  
All hither drawn by mildness of the laws,  
In joint pursuit of fortune's fickle cause,  
While joy of action lightens every face;  
One language all disputes tends to efface,  
The Italian of the East's harmonious note  
Unites the whole, industry to promote.

With eye more curious, strictly have I viewed,  
(Than whom, with bolder minds, few are endued,)  
The Boneers, subject to the Javan law,  
And thought in them the Scottish Celts I saw:  
The same their dress, their features, size, and air,  
The same for battle's strife they both prepare;  
And, too, alike, undaunted, brave and free,  
In barques of similar form they range the sea.

But in the first, deep vices taint the mind,—  
No drugs narcotic, 'mong the Celts we find;  
But here they traffick in this cursed weed,—  
This source of ruin, murders, vice, and need.  
Stain on our honour!—scandal of our name!  
How base the system! and how vile the gain!  
This deadly poison unrestrained to vend,  
The wretched longings of the low to tend;  
Not poison physical, but too, of souls,—  
Behold, his life this mortal drug controuls!

Once truly happy 'neath his coco's shade,  
Where dwelt mild peace, and vice did ne'er invade,  
His family's welfare to his soul allied,  
Their simple comforts kindly ne'er denied;  
Urged by a father's care, each day attends  
The neighbouring market, where he gainful vends  
The native produce of his rude domain,  
The clustered plantain, coco, and the cane!  
Joyful he goes, with happier step returns,  
A parent's feeling in his bosom burns;  
His artless children fondly are carest;  
His daily labour o'er, in peace to rest;  
Released from care, beneath his shady trees,  
In cool of eve enjoys a virtuous ease;

His playful children, innocently gay,  
With fond endearments guile the hours away,  
While pleasure throbs through all the parent's veins,  
In ample recompense for all his pains ;  
Prospective seems the comfort of his days,  
When age steals on and present strength decays.  
His sons advanced to manhood's riper age,  
His blooming daughters softer hopes engage,—  
Already to his view, in nuptial bands,  
With neighbouring children joins their plighted  
    hands,  
And pleased with them, at peace with all around,  
His friends at eve are welcomed to his ground,  
Who wondering tell, in terms unknown to art,  
The daily tales their hamlets round impart ;  
His faithful wife, meanwhile, with household cares  
The simple viands for their meal prepares ;  
In virtuous love his comfort zealous tends,  
Joyful began his day, serene it ends.

Could I, with justice, drop the curtain here,  
Then for my country had I shed no tear ;  
Its tarnished honour had remained still clear.

Enticed in evil hour but once to taste  
The baneful fumes that cause a moral waste !



Those dreams of ecstasy the juice imparts,  
When reason's stepped, and life almost departs ;  
For Lethe's self no darker veil o'erthrows,  
Whose mud and ooze this horrid drug compose !

Roused from his dream, he opes his languid eyes,  
And mourns his sin with deep repentant sighs ;  
'The daily pittance from his produce spent,  
Homeward with joyless thoughts his steps are bent ;  
Soon home is seen, but seen with altered view,  
His sacred charge now plundered of their due !  
Stung by the thought, he vows no more to stray  
In guilty path, nor quit his peaceful way ;  
And thus relieved he seeks his sheltered cot,  
Still comfort feels, nor hopeless is his lot :  
But transient, alas ! this happy day,—  
Already cravings burn, that ne'er allay !  
For such the sorcery its use attends  
But once indulged, the longing never ends !  
Soft is the tread of vice's stealthy pace,  
Its quickest progress scarcely can we trace ;  
Secret at first he sins against his peace,  
At length these scruples altogether cease ;  
His wife and family robbed without remorse,  
To meet expenses of his guilty course :

Yet, still at market is he daily met,  
But knows no pleasure when the day has set ;  
No more his children glad his callous heart,  
No longer in his earnings share their part :  
Flown from beneath his coco's silent shade  
Have peace and joy !—their last adieu they've paid ;  
Lean want and strife succeed their heavenly reign,  
Attended by their agonizing train.

No longer now can daily gains suffice,  
The gnawing monster calls for more supplies ;  
His grounds neglected, trees and plants decay,  
Fruits yet unripe are ruthless borne away ;  
Still, still deficient—famine comes apace,  
To seal the ruin of the wretched race !  
His sons resigned, are doomed as debtor slaves,  
*Lost once to freedom, bondsmen to their graves !*  
His comely daughters share a baser fate,  
In misery sold, a villain's lust to sate ;  
To vice conducted by a parent's hand,  
'Gainst nature's law, and Heaven's supreme com-  
mand.

Unsated, still those cravings yet remain,  
Which must be fed, should plunder yield the gain !  
Now turned a robber, view him lurk at e'en,  
Bereft of fruits, at market never seen,

But strips the stranger on the lonely road,  
And homeward steals with the nefarious load.  
Some neighbour, known to have a careless door,  
Is robbed of all,—then stabbed to be secure ;  
But still deficient, still comes short in all ;  
For food, his wife and younger family call :  
Himself now weakened, squalid and opprest,  
Shunned by his neighbours as a baneful pest :  
Deprived of hope, and to distraction driven,  
His inmost feelings torn, asunder riven,  
By thoughts of past and present madly stung,  
Despair completes what opium has begun ;—  
Resolved his sufferings with his life shall cease,  
In frenzy wild he grasps his blood-stained *crees* ;  
Deep in the bosom of his faithful wife,  
In blinded madness plants the murderous knife ;  
She weltering falls, nor with her latest breath,  
The hand upbraids that caused her cruel death :  
In anguish sees, with dying languid eye  
Her children's doom, and groans a parting sigh ;—  
They too, in frenzy, share the monster's hate  
And screaming fly to shun the cruel fate ;—  
Some speed in vain, while others dart like light,  
And safety find in devious, quicker flight.

But lust of blood in madness once begun,  
The murderous race a-mok, a-mok is run,  
In savage blindness ; all alike are foes,  
Whoe'er he meets partake the mortal blows ;  
Till, roused by common danger, all engage  
The world to rid of the fell madman's rage :  
Encompassed round, (for none attempt him near,)  
But held with forks, they launch the piercing  
spear;

O'erpowered, transfixed, the writhing culprit dies,  
And forfeits life amidst heart-rending cries,  
That call for vengeance, justice to fulfil,  
On the dire traffic that caused all the ill !

So sad an exit shares so fair a morn !  
A man, once happy, dies as thus forlorn !  
And though unpitied, yet at least the cause  
Demands a remedy, and stricter laws,  
To save these victims of the knife and lust,  
Caused by the tasting of that drug accurst !  
For even he, whom nature's milder rule  
Has formed with passions moderate and cool ;  
Though free from blood, he follows this career,  
How lost, how wretched, sunk in abject fear,  
Marked by his neighbours as a ruined man,  
Shows, but in milder form, the wretched plan !

From themes like this, the mind distressed, set  
free,

Bounds with delight, to view the inland sea :  
The farther shore, a steep uncultured waste,  
With grandeur decked in nature's wildest taste ;  
While warmer, gayer beams, from Prince's Isle,  
Enrich the scene, with their more cultured smile ;  
Rich clustering fruits adorn each scented grove,  
Where birds of brightest plumage gaily rove ;  
There grow the mangosteens' nectarian fruits,  
Desired by all, which every palate suits,  
Like honey melts, from Hybla's far-famed height,  
When roseate rind resigns its luscious white ;  
More precious still, the spicy nutmeg there  
And fragrant clove perfume the balmy air ;  
Washed by the wave, reclines the guardian Fort,  
In former days a safe and fit resort,—  
A pageant now—to blazon festive sounds,  
With notes of joy alone its walls resound ;  
Within its outstretched arm, of all degrees  
Are moored the barks that court its sheltered seas,  
Secure they ride, nor dread the coming storm,  
On all sides guarded by the harbour's form ;  
While shoreward crowd a *healthy, active* race,  
Characters which here peculiarly we trace

More gay than Hindust'han—yet humbler grade,  
(Here dwellings are for use, not for parade),  
Neat and retired, while shady trees enclose,  
Appear the abodes of comfort and repose :  
Unlike those graver masses built in squares,  
Whose solid form the thought of ease impairs,—  
Cubes yield to nothing ; but in self secure,  
For ever seem to cry, “ Go hence, ye poor !”  
But peaceful Osian's shady halls proclaim  
That *hospitality* is not a *name* ;  
For never stranger, nor the houseless poor  
Passed on neglected by its generous door,  
Nor, Glugor, thine !—then may success attend  
And crowded boughs with fragrant harvest bend !  
And thou, choice spot, exalted e'en in name,  
(That for a title dost my country claim,)  
May joy and comfort ever mark thy way,  
And conscious blessings greet thy parting day !

Adieu, sweet spot ! where friendship oft did smile  
A care-worn mind from wretchedness to guile ;  
For false ambition with relentless hand  
Drags her chained victim on from land to land,  
In quest of fortune, varying as it's found  
A phantom of the brain—an empty sound !

Like mountain's fleeting mist, or morning dews  
' Eludes the sight when day its strength renews :  
Yet on the altar of this phantom, bleed  
Victims untold, in misery and in need !

This nothing yields in lucre's sordid way,  
While plans prospective shorten our delay ;  
Three days we stay, in hopes the mart may rise,  
But Heaven in this our selfish prayer denies :  
Then by experience taught, Mercator's care  
Waits the land breeze, which for thè south is fair ;  
Courts Luna's favour to assist our way  
'Mongst isles and shoals that crowd the Southern  
Bay ;

Slowly we move till Raymo comes in view,  
Which passed to right, our seaward toils renew :  
Spread then the canvass to the favouring breeze ;  
The Sands and Aroas passed, the mind's at ease,  
South-east-by-east our course is now to run,  
And soon Malaca's high blue coasts are won :  
These we approach, and on their muddy shore  
Drop the barbed anchor, and the vessel moor ;  
And freed from care, the varied scene admire,—  
The woody hills in mingled green attire,  
Range after range retiring from the view,  
Till lost in distance 'midst aërial blue :

The fertile cultured fields, romantic glades,  
The glowing contrasts of its lights and shades :  
The town itself, encroaching on the main,  
Is back reflected from the glassy plane ;  
Restored of late, now Nassau's will obeys,  
And in its turn o'er vassal principdoms sways—  
O'er Salengora's northern distant post,  
And Rhio's fort,\* and Lingin's barbarous coast.

But say, what edifice commands yon hill,  
Where sadness reigns, and desolation still ?  
Few traces now, of former grandeur there,—  
Of relics sacred, and recluses' prayer :—  
That church, blind superstition once obeyed  
In darkest terrors impious arrayed,  
When o'er the land the Inquisition swayed ;  
And iron-handed in the mildest cause,  
Proclaimed the gospel by the sternest laws !  
But, oh ! Omnipotence, how wise thy ways !  
Thou dost avert, tho' man to plan essays ;—  
For now the gospel with redeeming light  
Beams like a beacon o'er the brooding night  
Of heathen darkness, from its zealous halls,  
And sheds a halo o'er its blood-stained walls !



These bulwarks razed, and more extended lines  
Grown useless now, the need of former times,  
Thy strength display, when D'Albuquerque assailed  
The foe united,—nor in conquest failed ;  
For there the Crescent waved in barbarous pride,  
And Christian foes in former days defied—  
Ere Europe had a name in eastern spheres,  
These had *their* day, and ruled *their* world by fears,  
Brought with their swords their new celestial lights,  
Their false religion, and their blood-stained rites,  
By scimitars enforced ; thus mildly given,  
Redemption's gracious plan so sent from Heaven !  
Could man imagine thus, and think aright ?  
Did e'er the peaceful dove on lance alight ?—  
Nor milder followed by the conquering band,  
Who spread their system o'er the trembling land.

Warmed by the scene, the fancy freer roams  
To former days, when, loathing peaceful homes,  
Malaya's daring sons from neighbouring shores  
Did hither come in quest of richer stores ;—  
See the rude throng, led on by warrior's hand,  
Defeat the ruder children of the land !  
Hear the loud yell of furious savage hate !  
Behold the crees that blood alone can sate !—

No warning gives, nor dexterous guards to part,  
But straight, and silent seeks its victim's heart ;  
In mingled combat wounds are ta'en and given ;  
At length the weaker to the hills are driven,  
And leave the strangers all their fruitful coast,  
Who raise Malaka, in its strength to boast,\*  
Soon spread their conquest and their fame around,  
Increase their trade, and till the genial ground ;  
For ages flourish, but in pagan state,  
Till Mahomet's lights a change of faith create,  
Not taught by force ; their sovereign's will it was  
To yield obedience to the prophet's laws.

View them, in turn, the Siamese obey,  
Who, for a time, maintain victorious sway,  
Unknown to peace ; no spirits they to yield ;  
(Ne'er quit, intruders, your protecting shield !)  
For then these fields by blood and strife were stained,  
When Siam's lord his hard-won power maintained.  
Easy it were to paint th' embattled host  
In myriads stretched along the northern coast,  
With massive grandeur in the Eastern mode,  
Where cumbered war with luxury they load ;  
While the bold wanderers from foreign shore  
Despise such pomp, and love to fight in gore,—

\* See note C.

Led on by Mahomet's victorious arm,  
Attack th' invaders, and create alarm :  
Confusion follows, and a general rout,  
And Manancabo's sons their victory shout !  
In peace once more beneath umbrageous shade,  
Increase their fruits, enjoy a gainful trade :  
But soon a hero of a sterner mould,  
Comes from afar and drives *them* from their hold :  
Reckless they fly, with families and all,  
And found Johore, to shun European thrall ;  
'Till Nassau's children came—all rites who view  
Alike—and they Mahomet's forms renew.

Plans more restrictive, by Batavia laid,  
To centre in its mart all foreign trade,  
Confined their wants to articles of need :  
They ask alone the fell narcotic weed !  
But ask of us in vain, for none we hold,  
By us this poison is not bought or sold ;—  
Yet hospitable still, they urge delay,  
But deaf to pleasure, we curtail our stay :  
Repel intreaties with the well-known song,  
“ An *idle* hour on shore's an hour too long.”  
And stem the sea once more with busy pride,  
While hope “ to come ” our disappointments hide

E'en from ourselves, the victims of to-morrow,  
Who in the future drown all prèsent sorrow.  
Borne on Time's pinions for one day and night,  
By favouring breezes aided in our flight,  
In early dawn, high peaked, of azure hue,  
The Carimans appear, to change the view,  
Whose shores unsheltered, and unfriendly coast,  
The honour of our rule them lately lost.\*  
From thence oblique we cross, of danger free,  
Our way directed by the Single Tree ;  
The Coney doubled, and alert St. John,  
In Singapoura's Bay the anchor's gone,  
Close to the sandy beach ; a fairy scene,—  
Such poets thought of, but have seldom seen !

Hail, genial clime ! of all the Eastern isles,  
Best seated thou to gather Fortune's smiles ;  
Thy rich and fecund soil on gentle hills,  
Thy pure, salubrious air, so free from ills ;  
Unknown to tempests, or to tremblings thou,  
Thy woody glades, in wild luxuriance now,  
Shall yield requital to the furrowing plough.

Hail ! Genius brilliant, whose extended view,  
Thy country's honour, and her welfare knew !

\* See Note D.

Too thin their flimsy veil to blind thine eyes,  
Thy hand stretch'd forth, the subtle cobweb flies,  
And modern Carthage's foundations rise :  
Most meet the ancient site thy wisdom chose,  
Round which as centre Eastern traffic flows ;  
Where health has fixed her home, and pleasure reigns,  
And Commerce, joined with freedom, laughs at chains.\*

Canst thou, bright fancy, in prospective scene,  
Raise by thy magic touch th' impervious screen  
That veils the future from our anxious gaze,—  
Involved in darkness and distorting haze,—  
And show this spot, now clad in humble brown,  
Grown rich in palaces, a populous town ?

Commanding, on yon hill, with haughty mien  
And gay attire, the chief's abode is seen ;  
With bristling guards in front of heavy train,  
Rearward to flank the battery on the plain,  
Where seated in the midst, from all retired,  
A temple stands in grandeur, lofty spired,  
The magnet sacred that unites the whole,—  
The fount that strengthens and refines the soul !  
Round this the crowded town protection seeks,  
In cubic form, whose fronts are open streets

\* See Note E.

Of wide extent, where wheeling in the maze,  
Each rank embodied mimic war displays,  
Or loungers wander, by dull sloth oppressed,  
Determined idlers to the world confessed.  
To those who rule, and buildings of the state,  
The front department should alone relate ;  
Through this all strangers to the town approach,  
Then let its form incur no just reproach,  
But viewed with pleasure by the passing eye,  
With other cities let it justly vie ;  
Nature's own finger points direct the way,  
To Mercury's sons along the narrow bay ;  
Though plans more selfish from another source,  
Would, if permitted, change the proper course ;  
Stain not the laurels thou so late hast won !—  
A Briton's rights !—but thou thyself art one !  
Then stay, ah stay thy hand, nor drive them  
thence,  
By Commerce circled,—what more noble fence !  
Then let its Western sons on this abide,  
But place the Eastern on the other side ;  
Though separate, not divided, for the twain  
Without each other's aid can nothing gain ;  
But let the noble arch unite their homes,—  
O'er the green wave, above the field of tombs,

And ranged convenient, let their wharfs approach  
In friendly style, and on the sea encroach ;  
Then cut yon hill, and level all around,  
And marsh and fen convert to solid ground ;  
Indifferent may the upper part be held,  
At freedom built, to *form* alone compelled ;  
But there should strangers, to the rest unknown,  
For lucre find repose, and welcome home :  
Men trained to war should form an *Ægis* there,  
To guard from foes the wide extended square,  
Built on the spot where former warriors placed  
Their guardian towers, from which the name is traced :  
Thus planned and governed shall it soon proclaim,  
The growing honours of the British name,  
While justly reined by our benignant code,  
Men from around shall form their new abode,  
And barques from far, in safety as they ride,  
Shall wave their ensigns with an equal pride ;  
While busy on the mart, each anxious face,  
Amid the throng, may striking objects trace ;—  
This brings the produce of his busy year,  
Ambitious grown in western garb t'appear,  
Nor yet unmindful of more dear commands,—  
The simple grandeur which his home demands :

Another brings the camphor, fragrant gum,  
Some rob the bee,—the acrid branches some ;  
But all, in equal course, direct proceed,  
*Straight to the heart the genial profits lead.*

As sea birds young, with keen expecting eye,  
Returning parents on the wing descrie,  
So tens of thousands, with the annual gales,  
On distant isles, perceive returning sails,  
Crowd round the bays to meet their vent'rous friends,  
And heartfelt pleasure on their roof descends,  
When, borne in triumph to their welcome homes,  
(What pleasure greater to the man who roams ?)  
The yearly tribute from more polished lands,  
The wond'rous works of more ingenious hands,—  
The vivid colours of European dye,  
The varied shades that with the Iris vie,  
Are forth displayed, to court the rude applause  
Of men untaught in nature's simple laws.  
Days of delight, and pleasure follow round ;—  
Subsiding these, they till the fertile ground,  
Exert their industry for coming years,  
And hope of gain their buoyant labour cheers.

Such are the blessings which from trade arise,  
No other policy, however wise



Can yield content, though force it should employ,  
Yet this makes lands and isles to sing for joy,—  
To taste the comforts of an active life,  
To study peace, and shun illegal strife ;  
Through paths material points the certain way  
To blissful influence, and brighter ray.

Long could I linger to enjoy thy shades,  
And wend delighted through thy flowery glades,  
Pleased with their fragrance, and their varied hues,  
In cool of eve, or midst the morning dews ;  
But sordid lucre, with imperious call,  
Bids us begone, and shun thy syren thrall :  
While all obedient, to the landward gale  
Spread on its breath the wide departing sail,  
Swift o'er the wave, on eastern wings we fly,  
To Leucon's isle, our way intent to ply.

Here toil incessant in the fostering flood,—  
The lime-encrusting polypiferous brood,  
By wond'rous instinct, taught from higher Source,  
To place the many 'gainst the lack of force ;  
Behold how certain their progressive rise,  
Their labours common, how extremely wise !  
Who would suppose of creature so deform,  
That plans, combined for leagues, they should  
perform ?

As if intelligence from hand to hand,  
Spread with electric speed throughout the band ;  
That winds prevailing, waves, and all are weighed,  
And laws, depending on the whole, obeyed !  
But still more strange, that reason-gifted man  
Should from *their* works, mistake the general  
plan

Of God's creation, and at all suppose,  
That tropic lands from such a source arose !  
For when, at length, the globe extern is known,  
Insatiate man next prys within the zone,  
To search the bowels of his parent mould,  
Not for base metals, or all potent gold,  
Nor wide to range o'er nature's works, and scan  
The abounding proofs of wisdom in her plan ;  
But still perverse, these sounder views despise,  
*By sinking, hopes at art Divine to rise !*  
Anxious to know, with curious fond desire,  
If formed at first by water, worms, or fire !  
Or how at last the great Creator's might,  
Shall it dissolve again to endless night !  
What shall unmake it but the self-same power  
That said the word, and formed it in an hour ?  
While faithless man shall search and wonder on ;  
For who can tell ?—to whom's the secret known ?

Can ants, which creep the bomb prepared conceive  
'The force employed the infernal ball to heave?  
Or could their reason tell, should they enquire,  
What still is wanting,—the exploding fire?  
And, though superior, can *we* see the link  
That binds our globe, as we, too, dimly think?  
Or trace the chain to the Creator's mind,  
And from the work deduce the art divine?  
Minds that perceive through *matter*, can they span  
The thought of that which was, ere yet His plan  
Had *matter* willed, from what no *matter* was,  
And all the universe was boundless chaös?  
Oh no! Then quit the task, restrain your views,  
To what to man and science is of use;  
Learn, when ye scrutinize maternal soil,  
To turn to comfort all unmeaning toil;  
For this the field, in which the enquiring mind  
May e'er do good, and scarce a limit find;  
But still improving as its labours grow,  
Spread o'er the earth, through all conditions flow.\*

\* See note G.

THE COLUMBIAD.

~~~~~  
CANTO I.—PART II.  
~~~~~

## ARGUMENT OF CANTO I.—PART II.

Approach the entrance to Manila—Its magnificent Bay—Allusion to recent events which took place there—Departure from Manila—Intricate passage through the Straits to the South of Luconia—Commencement of the Storm—Escape from being wrecked on Batag—Storm increases and becomes more adverse—Hurricane—Ship hove to—Sudden discovery of rocky islets under the lee bow—Warc ship, and escape immediate destruction—Run in between the rocks and the land—Attempt to anchor—The vessel drags her anchors—Parts one of the cables—Drives rapidly towards the lee and rocky shore—Resolve to cut away the masts—This done, the ship owns the remaining anchor, and resists the storm—Precautions adopted to render her position as secure as circumstances permit—Storm abates as the sun declines—Mists and fogs dispel, and show how mercifully we have escaped, and the full extent of our danger—Meditations occasioned by the dreadful scene through which we passed, and the happy results, when properly applied, of such severe and sudden trials on the mind.

## CANTO I.

---

### PART II.

---

BORNE by the breeze, towards the coast we sweep,  
And faint descry Manila's far-famed keep,—  
*Corrigedor*, that peering, sits on high,  
And scans the ocean with a jealous eye:  
Clear is the passage, and within secure,  
Where this old fortress guards the sea-ward door.  
Of this assured, we onward hold our way,  
Without a pilot, through the spacious bay;  
And as we sail, admire on every hand  
The expanse of waters circled by the land;  
For all Britannia's fleets might safely ride  
On shelter'd bosom of that inland tide—  
View, as we pass, Cavité from afar,  
But disregardful, seek Manila bar.

Shorn of its beams, its commerce on the wane,  
No more its galleons cross the adventurous main,

Since Colon's sons, beyond the western wave,  
In freedom's cause did tyrant thralldom brave ;  
Not all Iberia's never setting rays,  
Could mitigate, or aught resist its blaze ;  
And loathed monopoly, with condign fate  
Unpitied fell, beneath the people's hate.

Pale superstition, with its cowls and hoods  
In darkness wanders, and in cloister broods ;  
But *here*, the truncheon of the state it holds,  
And over all, with iron hand, controuls !

Inhuman city! on thy blood-stained walls  
A voice for vengeance unremitting calls ;  
Vain, vain, the sanctum of thy thousand spires,  
When Europe's indignation justly fires,  
For slaughtered sons, secure in thee who dwelt,  
With blinded confidence ; nor danger felt,  
Till in a moment, by thy ruthless band  
Their bodies strewed thy faithless, blood-stained  
land ;

Dragged at thy horses' heels, with equal fate  
That slaughtered bulls on gala days await,  
To clear the ring that others may succeed !  
Yes,—blind deluded city, such thy deed !  
The eyes that saw thee, they their witness gave,  
That thus unhallowed, found his friends their grave.

When thou, supine, from Europe far removed  
Thought, in thy madness, nothing could be proved :

Shame on thee, superstition ! How could'st thou,  
Although enslaved by strict monastic vow,  
See innocence cold butchered in thy sight,  
Nor grant their mangled corpse sepulchral rite ?  
To priest-craft turn ! its potent help engage,  
The lash to soften, coming wrath t' assuage ;  
Perhaps compelled,—but now, alas ! too late !  
The bones remove with tardy show of state,  
With pomp inter them in thy holy ground,  
From yonder sea-beach, where they burial found ;  
Yes ; on thy strands, these eyes with tears o'erflown,  
Have seen their sun-bleached bodics careless thrown,  
To feed thy vultures' foul insatiate maws,  
Not more inhuman than thy barbarous laws ;  
Where false religion sits enshrined in thee,  
And mantles vice by its hypocrisy ;  
Throws o'er thee retribution's fearful gloom,  
That points, if unrepentant, to thy doom !

Through the poised scales with slow declining ray  
Phœbus had passed, and Scorpio ruled the day :  
Ill omened sign throughout the Eastern seas ;—  
No season this for slumber, or for ease !



But still regardless,—still intent on gain,  
We scorn such fears, and future ills disdain ;  
Our course resolved no longer to delay,  
We now prepare to leave the faithless bay ;  
New fields of commerce venturous to explore,—  
The western regions of Columbia's shore ;  
Not openly, but under secret guise,  
For still Iberia intercourse denies.

On expectation's tiptoe, each elate,  
Awards to self a favouring turn of fate :  
None dream by night or day but dream of gold,  
And fancy's gayest webs at large unfold,  
With nice distinctions, suited to each mind,  
And all enslave, with subtile magic bind ;  
Entranced in sordid pleasure's dazzling blaze,  
In silent ecstasy they fondly gaze :  
View silver heaped on high—Oh glorious sight !  
Rich, mouldy treasures brought again to light !  
E'en Mexico's deep mines, though at command,  
Could scarce appease their covetous demand.—  
The flowers may differ, yet on fancy's tree,  
In one respect, they all alike agree ;—  
None dream they *lose* a fortune, but all *gain* ;  
The means may vary, but the *end's* the same ;

To *win* it 's nothing,—that they leave to fate ;  
But how to *spend* it, forms the nice debate :  
By this the training of the mind is known,  
Where now it points, and what it has been's  
shown ;  
The mettle of the spirit's clearly seen,  
And knowledge of the heart from it we glean.

While sleep refreshing Jason's eyelids seals,  
The Circé her airy fabric's folds reveals,  
And brightening colours crowd before his mind,  
Past scenes with future intimate combined,  
And gay illusions with sweet hope entwined :  
All dangers past—surmounted with success,  
His care-worn mind, relieved from all distress,  
Homeward he hies ; and, by the magic wand,  
As quick as lightning, treads his native land ;  
With warm embrace his joyous parents meets,  
His family, kindred, and his friends he greets ;—  
A form still dearer floats before his eyes,  
Which, though illusion, calls forth many sighs ;  
But all are fleeting, like the ebbing glass,  
The cherished shadows quick as meteors pass ;  
Touched by the rod, before the astonished sight,  
The scene displays with faithful shade and light

Scotia's learned capital ; a rival name  
To Grecia's Athens—favoured child of fame.  
There lingering, he reviews these classic scenes,  
While waking wishes haunt his midnight dreams ;  
Deep wrapt in thought, unmindful of the gay,  
At learning's fount he occupies the day ;  
Immured in gloom, amid scholastic walls,  
Incessant labours, deaf to pleasure's calls ;  
From heedlessness of youth redeems his fame,  
Unlearns his faults, his ignorance to reclaim ;  
Nor finds the lessons by experience taught,  
As now employed, have profitless been bought ;  
But yield assistance to his present lore,  
And clear the page he found too dark before.—  
Now tired of study, early sylvan scenes  
Present themselves, and variegate his dreams ;  
Pleased with the view, beneath umbrageous trees,  
Whose waving branches float upon the breeze,  
He wanders on, nor solitary there,  
Charmed with society of virtuous fair,  
His tale of dangers past essays to tell,  
When, lo ! arrested by the magic spell,  
Scenes still more active seem to be his aim,—  
The sportsman's pleasure, and the huntsman's  
fame ;

In full career the startled stag he sees,  
The horn's shrill note is borne along the breeze ;  
Swift o'er the lawn the prey avoids the chase,  
The deep-mouthed dogs pursue with swifter pace !  
Their victim seize, and clamorous with their noise,  
Shout the loud mort to crown the huntsmen's  
joys !

Kindling in fancy with the 'larum he wakes,  
Bewildered still midst forests, lawns, and brakes,  
And all the pageantry of joyous chase.  
But rougher sounds these halcyon forms efface,  
And damp his soul with scenes of duller hue ;  
The morning's dawn has waked the noisy crew ;—  
“ All hands aho !” in varied tongue 's proclaimed ;  
The drowsy god unbinds his victims chained.—  
Few seek more shelter than the starry shroud,  
The rest, like bees, on deck, up-humming crowd ;  
Captains and topmen to the tops ascend  
Each to his post, and all their duties tend ;—  
Meanwhile the master o'er the rest is seen,  
Treading the poop with quick and anxious mien ;  
Attending Tethys by his side appears,  
Proclaims his wishes, and the labour cheers ;  
More distant Dædalus the bow commands,  
Repeats the orders, and directs the hands

Who at the anchors ply; while Palin coils  
(With chosen few, the partners of his toils,)  
In cable tier, the huge mis-shapen rope,  
In danger's hour the last remaining hope;  
In silence all expectant ready stand,—  
“Sheet home the topsails!” is the first command;  
“The lower lifts and binding trusses ease,—  
“And trim the yards alternate to the breeze;  
“This to propel, that to impede her way,  
“To guide her movements in the crowded bay.”  
Loud creak the blocks as wind the topsail ties,  
And soon aloft each yard wide spreading flies:—  
“Call down the topmen: carpenter, prepare  
“The winding capstern;—and all hands repair  
“To wrench the anchors from their clayey layer!”  
Thick swarm the thoughtless crew, for ever gay,  
Glad to arrive; rejoiced to get away;  
To pliant *messengers* the cable bind,  
By subtle *stoppers* manifold entwined:  
Then round the *middle frame* with triple fold  
The lesser's coiled, while this fresh *stoppers* hold.  
Loud clang the *pauls*, as round the capstern turns,  
To quit its hold the faithful *hawser* spurns,  
A few steps more, the powerful engine palls;—  
“Up with the jib!” Mercator quickly calls;

“ Starboard the helm !—starboard—starboard still !  
“ Loose gallant sails, and royals,—courses fill !  
“ Haul out the spanker ;—after braces square ;  
“ Then to the anchor let all hands repair.”

Swiftly she moves, and bounding, spurns the  
spray,  
Proud of her gallant form and trim array ;  
Like youthful beauty decked in virgin charms  
When first at court, and blushing soft alarms ;  
Pleased with herself, admired of all around,  
With graceful step she walks the awful round ;  
As all give place, but half-inclined retire,  
Anxious to gaze on charms which all inspire ;  
While passing near, the flattering whispers sigh,  
And mark the object by the tell-tale eye :  
So proudly dashed the barque, midst brushing noise,  
The sailor’s harmony, that never cloy ;  
With course majestic through the fleet she steers,  
And passing, meets an homage of loud cheers ;  
In these a warm farewell is ta’en and given,  
By friends who part to meet—perhaps in heaven !  
Thin are the clouds that life’s heyday o’ercast,  
And soon dispel, forgotten when they’re past ;

Not quicker rush the mingling waters o'er  
The place the vessel occupied before,  
Than crowd the rapid thoughts across the mind,  
And leave no traces of the past behind ;  
For ere a thought can in their minds have birth  
Fancy has ta'en her flight round half the earth ;  
Nor rest is doomed their fluttering wings to find,  
Until Columbian shores the ocean bind.

Lured by fond hopes, we skim the inland sea,  
And seek the channel, by the south, that's free ;  
The narrows gain ; and, favoured by the wind,  
Soon leave Manila and its shores behind.

On Jason's thoughtful mind no mirth appears,  
No hope elates him, nor no prospect cheers,  
But sad presages of approaching woe,  
Deep o'er his soul their gloomy mantle throw ;  
Retired and silent, on the poop reclined,  
While former scenes pass slowly through his mind ;  
By distance mellowed, but distinct the lines,  
Far in the shade obscure the present times.

Still was the night, and clear the vault of  
heaven ;  
How choice for minds to contemplation given !

In softest murmurs sighed each vassal wave,  
While playfully the barque they gently lave;  
And sporting in the moonbeam's silvery light,  
Lend their attractions to the soul's delight.  
The crescent pale with mildest radiance shone,  
Nor yet too young, nor too complete was grown;  
But, virgin like, with chastest rays it smiled,  
And thoughts from earth to heaven 'unconscious  
wiled.

Just such a night, so clear, serene and still,  
When Cynthia's beams o'ertop the verdant hill,  
Do angel spirits wing their ærial way,  
From high descend, and on the moonbeams play;  
With fragrance fill the air, and sweetest sounds,  
Till nature smiles, and earth with joy abounds.  
Just such a night. Ah!—how serenely fair!  
When the heath's flower perfumed the fragrant air;  
How oft in former,—ah! too distant days!  
When 'twas no sin to bask in beauty's rays,  
He's seen the urchin aim his well poised dart,  
Nor fail to strike—to pierce a feeling heart;  
But unavailing all;—too chill the soil  
(For ever doomed by sternest fate to toil)  
Love's flowers to nourish, for they withering died,  
Or shivering to their heavenly homes they hied;



Bore with them thence the love-drop, man receives  
With life's spark<sup>\*</sup> linked, when nature kindly  
breathes,—

A votive offering to love's blinded god,  
And left the heart a cold and lifeless clod !

Just such a night, in youthful joyous band,  
How oft at home !—ah ! now far distant land !  
He's wandered on, while converse did impart,  
The pure ideas reeking from the heart,  
With fervid glow, direct from friendship's source,  
While thoughts ne'er entered that create remorse ;  
All unrestrained the social spirits glow,  
No snares they dread, no artifice they know ;  
But freely quaff from life's untainted stream,  
While yet 'tis but an unawakened dream !  
Unfelt the bliss ; for spurred by nature's laws,  
Advancement's sought, and coveted applause :  
Then mingle feelings of a worldly course,  
Deep tinge the current, and pollute the source ;  
Like spotless ermine sullied by a stain,  
Can ne'er its pristine purity regain ;  
But since such halcyon days have ceased to bless,  
How changed the scene he has been doomed to  
trace !

What crowds of phantoms have, his friendship  
claimed,—

Assumed its garb, and loud its rites proclaimed ;

Till by the test essayed—the touch of need,

Naked they've stood, or fled with guilty speed ;

And left him—ne'er suspecting treach'rous art,

*Dire disappointment, and a wounded heart ;*

Till wrongs inure, and sad convictions show,

*All are not true, that in truth's colours glow :*

Thoughts such as these employed his cheerless mind.

Just in themselves, but to the shade inclined ;

More sombre still, when present scenes were placed

Opposed to those his mind discursive traced ;

For now, the race begun, no rest he knows,—

Now passing these, and passed himself by those ;

By interest goaded with her thousand fears,

Sunk deep in cares, scarce friendship's voice he  
hears,

But all around with selfish tinge appears.

At length these pass, and more immediate ills

Oppress his boding mind with anxious thrills,

That no enquiry stand, nor reason's test,

But vaguely float, in gloomy colours dressed,

All undefined, yet in the heart abide ;

And all attempts to banish them deride ;—

E'en consolation baulk—the wretched's claim,  
From those whose danger and whose hope's the same.  
Mild sent the moon her nightly farewell smile,  
And sank to rest behind Fortuna's isle ;  
Onward we grope, deprived of light or stay  
At every pace, more intricate the way ;  
But still, resolved this shorter path to dare,  
Despise these dangers, for its gains to share ;  
For reason says, and points to eastward seas,—  
“Behold your safeguard 'gainst the northern breeze!”  
And thus admonished, spite the fickle wind,\*  
The hidden entrance to the pass we find ;  
For soon Mindora's northern shores are seen,  
Luconia's, south, our narrow path between :  
Like Scylla and Charybdis, sung of yore,  
On either side we shun the dangerous shore,  
And boldly pass, nor dread the Syren's song,  
But 'gainst the breeze urge the loath bark along ;  
View with emotions of intense delight,  
This watery labyrinth's enchanting sight,  
By thousand islands formed, of richest hue,  
The green of this, there mellowed into blue :  
Ambitious some, their peaks exalt on high,  
And crowned by clouds, are hid from mortal eye ;

\* See note H.

More humble others stretch to moderate height,  
Friendly to man, the culturing plough invite;  
But desert all,—all savage and unknown,  
By rocks surrounded, and by woods o'ergrown.

Charmed with the scene of nature wildly gay,  
We pass the Cape, where straitest is the way,  
But bold the channel; for the depth is more  
Than surface measurement from shore to shore.  
Now stands Mandruqué, to oppose us, forth,  
Adroit we wheel, and leave it on the north;  
Despise the frowning of its towering hills,  
For vain its efforts to oppose our wills;  
Soon as its dangerous shores we safely clear,  
Stretch farther north, till Buria low appear;  
This Masbate fronts, with triple summit crowned,  
Their savage shores our narrow passage bound;  
But like the bird, by magic serpent wiled,  
Which hops and sings until it is beguiled;  
With thoughtless levity still nearer draws,  
At length is gulfed within the monster's jaws:—  
So we, grown callous to our blinded state,  
Impetuous rush to meet a kindred fate!

Six days this watery way we winding tread,  
The chart an equal to the mystic thread:

The seventh, propitious to our hopes arose,  
And show'd the goal where present labours close ;  
But transient as the winter's short-lived beam, —  
O'erclouded ere it sheds its sickly gleam ;  
So lived our hopes,—for now in awful gloom  
Of livid fire, the sun forebodes our doom ;  
By clouds enveloped, through whose dusky face,  
A sullen glare pervades the vapoury space ;  
Deep sigh the woods, as close we pass the shore,  
And, though a calm, the hollow breakers roar :  
Foaming they wash the muddy strands around,  
Then back recoiling from the rocks rebound  
With horrid surge, to us ill omened sight,  
And direr yet when day has sunk to night ;  
For still the dangers of our way are near :  
Batag's hoarse breakers on the lee we hear  
In consort with the gale, now howling loud  
'Mongst ropes, and yards, and thro' each faithful  
shroud ;

Mercator, perched like hawk in quest of prey,  
His eye-balls strains to mark each fleeting spray,  
Discerns fresh dangers, as we adverse plough  
The crested seas, towards the leeward bow ;  
The time for prudent fear he sees has past,  
Commands fresh canvass on each straining mast,

Our way to windward boldly to pursue,—  
To turn is ruin ;—death we leeward view :  
The waning moon at length is faintly seen,  
Yet lends few rays, so dense the hazy screen,  
But sends a lurid shade, a mournful light,  
To draw the veil, and show the appalling sight ;  
Aghast we stand, and, almost in despair,  
Address to Heaven a silent heartfelt prayer ;  
Kind Heaven, auspicious, lends a gracious ear,  
The shoal we weather, our immediate fear.\*  
Yet other dangers haunt our dubious way,  
Anxious we wait the coming dawn of day ;  
No dawn appears, for, wonderous to relate,  
(Unknown before, sure presage of our fate,)  
*The morning comes, but comes with lagging pace,*  
Two hours behind, and shows a frowning face ;  
Its beams night's gloomy curtain scarce withdraw,  
But seem obedient to her dusky law ;  
As fierce Alecto with revengeful band,  
When evil's doomed to some devoted land,  
A ghastly smile o'erspreads her fiendish face,  
To mock the terrors of the human race ;  
So scowled the sun, as through the haze it rose,  
While loud the storm with tempest fury blows ;

\* See note I.

Close, and more close the dim horizon nears,  
Obstructs the view, and fills our souls with fears ;  
The rushing waves, white, foaming, tower around,  
And to the view with lowering clouds confound,  
An undistinguished mass, while torrents pour,  
To add their horrors to the dreadful hour.

The barque no longer now can labouring bear  
The close reefed topsails, and the courses square,  
For deep immersed in each successive sea,  
The guns and gunwale dip upon the lee ;  
Secured the courses, clued with nautic art,  
To the eased yards are lashed at every part ;  
Quit of the load, she bounds with grateful ease,  
And though still buried, cuts the mountain seas ;  
Like some bold leader, waged in dubious strife,  
By foes surrounded, combats for his life ;  
Though reeling from their blows, he scorns to  
yield,  
And still maintains the hard contested field ;  
Then should some friend, observant of his state,  
Resolve to succour, and avert his fate,  
Renewed in vigour, the bold heroes toil,  
And back, repulsed, the daring foes recoil :—  
So from the barque relieved, with rushing sound,  
The spumy seas in broken waves rebound,

In mid air tossed, like sheets of liquid snow,  
Swift they descend, and on the decks o'erflow.

Harder still pressed, by fate's severest laws,  
The adverse wind more inauspicious draws ;  
Kindling in rage, and more impetuous grown,  
From the stout bolt-rope the reefed topsail's blown,  
Whose noisy fragments shivering in the gale,  
Obstruct our efforts to replace the sail ;  
At length o'ercome, another *suit* is bent,  
With every caution that they can invent,  
But all in vain, for soon a furious blast  
Strips them, like autumn leaves, from off the mast :  
And now the stay-sails slide along the stay,  
To urge the vessel on her windward way,  
But of the topsails share the fate forlorn—  
From faithful *hanks* in thousand shreds are torn.

Tethys hard labouring to replace the ill,  
Is forward seen, directing all with skill ;  
To loose the foresail all their care employs,  
While the reefed mizen forms an equipoise  
To force the ship, as long as hopes remain,  
From leeward shore ; or some safe creek to gain ;  
Like hopeless wanderer with ill-fated haste,  
Who lonely treads across some desert waste,



Taught by the aspect of the lowering sky,  
From storm of snow, impending fate to fly ;  
Useless his speed,—the coming showers descend  
In flaky torrents, and all traces blend ;  
Onward he struggles, desolate become,  
And plunging, strays at every step from home ;  
Of hope bereft, all friendly marks effaced,—  
The well-known beacon he had cautious placed  
In other times to mark his dangerous way,  
Where chasms yawn'd and precipices lay ;  
Few hopes remain should he attempt the path ;—  
To turn's destruction ; to remain is death :  
The poignant thought,—from wife and family torn,  
Friendless and poor are left his loss to mourn ;—  
Pierced to the core, to desperation driven,  
He rushes on and leaves his fate to Heaven !  
So we, too, conscious of our desperate state,  
In awful silence bide our wretched fate ;  
The land, no eye, however keen, can see,  
To view its form, and bearings on the lee ;  
Nature's own lineaments obscured from sight,  
We scan the chart with hope's expiring light ;  
From this, alas ! no consolation's found,—  
It shows the rocky coast far stretched around,  
In crescent form, a deep encircling bay,  
Whose shelving points obstruct our dangerous way ;

On change of wind alone our hope relies,  
But even this, mysterious Heaven denies;  
The wind, relentless, owns its natural laws,  
Sweeps o'er the land oblique, and adverse draws  
On either hand—turn as we anxious will,  
Impedes our progress, and defeats our skill;  
But still the love of life—man's strongest tie,  
Lays hold of hope, permits it not to fly.—  
Points to the sails, though scanty and oppressed,  
If braced alternate we shall be at rest,  
And stayed in progress, midway may remain,  
And yet may live—our darkest fears prove vain:  
Now on the swelling waves we tower on high,  
Then in the *trough* anon we prostrate lie:  
Billows like mountains towering o'er the plain,  
Come, rushing on, and treat us with disdain,  
Yet harmless pass, defeated of their prey,  
And haste to wreak their fury on the bay;  
While hope revives on board,—a transient gleam,  
For through the haze the rocks are leeward seen!  
Bold, and sharp pointed, naked in their form,  
They dauntless brave the loud imperious storm,  
Whose foaming waves bound from their sides on  
high,  
In brightening contrast 'gainst the lurid sky!

“The rocks!—the rocks!” in accents of despair,  
Is heard from all, who fear of danger share;  
From many a tongue these plaintive cries proceed,  
For all on board immediate shipwreck dread;  
Some cry to Allah, but to us address  
Their lingering hopes of succour and success;  
Nor means employ, but in their wild despair,  
Beat their sad breasts and tear their matted hair;  
*We*, more assured, on Heaven our faith repose,  
And 'gainst the storm all means of art oppose;  
And thus evince, that danger's trying hour  
Soon tests the feignèd, and the real power:  
In summer's sun, when scarce a cloud is seen,  
Confiding man on slender boughs may lean;  
But when the wint'ry blast the forest tries,  
On trees matured his trust alone relies!

The fearful rocks we nearer still descry,  
And hope, our latest friend, prepared to fly!  
But Heaven in pity saw, and by His aid,  
It fluttered, lingered, and at length it staid;  
Perched on Mercator's arm, his soul to cheer,  
And taught his mind the labouring bark to veer.  
“Hard up the helm!” with judgment, prompt he cries,  
The obedient wheel to starboard quickly flies;—

\* See Note K.

“ Brail up the spanker, if it be too fast,  
“ The axe employ, and cut it from the mast ;—  
“ No time is this half measures to pursue,  
“ With death so dreadful staring us in view ;—  
“ And Tethys, thou, quick, get the foresail round,  
“ In waring ship our only hope is found ;—  
“ For should she to the helm obedient veer,  
“ There yet is room these leeward rocks to clear.”

So said the master, and the crew assail  
The swollen spanker with reducing brail ;  
The watchful steersman with observant zeal,  
With quick rotation turns the guiding wheel ;  
The ship obeys, and from the wind retires,  
Retreating quick through streams of liquid fire :  
Like some young steer of yet untamed breed,  
Which herdsman, firmly bound, in fetters lead,  
Unwilling stalks reluctant o'er the plain,  
And writhing, foams at every pore with pain ;  
But if released, with quickening pace he wheels,  
And all the pleasure of his freedom feels ;  
His brawny sides he beats, and bounding flies  
O'er hill and dale resounding to his cries ;—  
So we released from thrall of windward course,  
With sails just poised to mitigate its force ;

In veering, bound, and pass the dreadful shoal,  
Terrific sight, that harrowed up the soul !  
The spiny rocks, to sheets of foam soon rend  
Impetuous waves, that 'gainst their sides contend,  
With loudest roar, re-echoed by the storm,  
Adding new horrors to their rugged form ;  
A space not twice their height o'er ocean's edge,  
We pass them by—escape their outer ledge ;  
Like fissure yawning, suddenly revealed  
To startled vision, which the snow concealed,  
When on its verge his devious footsteps stray,  
T' augment the dangers of the wanderer's way ;  
Sudden he halts, and with retractive bound  
Instinctive turns, t' avoid the gulf profound.—  
So we, quick wheeling round, escape the snare,  
And present safety, like the wanderer share ;  
Nay, more, the very rocks their terrors cast,  
Transformed to friends, they bar the furious blast ;  
Free from the land detached, whose rugged shore  
Behind their lee, forewarns us quick to moor,  
If, happily, the barque shall own the sway  
Of our last hope, and ride the storm-swept bay.

And now a presage of great joy is sent,  
For both the anchors are as yet unbent ;

The narrow passage threaded just before,  
This care required against its treacherous shore.

“Haste, then!” Mercator cries, “the anchors  
clear,—

“And tend the cables in the cable tier;  
“Unloose the stoppers, and on either side  
“Let them descend into the foaming tide;  
“But first, with caution let the depth be found,  
“And what the nature of the anchor ground.”

Loud surging in the waves the ponderous mass  
Down drops, while cables through the hawse-holes  
pass

With grating noise, discordant to the ear,—  
Yet raise our thoughts, our drooping spirits cheer;  
But like the transient joys of life, they pass,  
The sand not quicker leaves the ebbing glass;  
For scarce the anchors in the ground are fixed,  
(By stock reverse, and crooked barbs transfixed,)  
And stay the vessel on her leeward course,  
Borne by the billows with resistless force,  
When, checked to windward, every timber shook,  
And hope almost our trembling breasts forsook!  
Defied, the tempest, with redoubled rage,  
Against the barque relentless war doth wage:

Chafed by resistance, maddening billows foam,  
And o'er the decks all unrestricted roam,  
Sweep all before them, ruthless in their course,  
That dare oppose their overwhelming force :  
Till gnawed by rocks, one cable false gives way,  
The recreant barque no longer stands at bay,  
But, craven-hearted, leaves the vanquished field,  
And drags the other that still scorns to yield ;  
Like horse unbroke, that erst his freedom gained,  
And wildly roams the pampas unrestrained,  
Pursued by *Gauchos* with unwearied care,  
Who well poised fetters manifold prepare,  
Swift o'er the plain he speeds a devious route,  
But swifter still they follow in pursuit ;  
The well trained riders, now, on tiptoe stand,  
Revolving *lasos* ready in their hand,  
Which space o'ercome, when thrown in many a fold  
Secure their victim ; by the neck they hold—  
Another, and another quick they throw,  
Nor dare despise their yet unconquered foe,  
Whose pride offended, free though yet from pain,  
Strains every nerve, and paws the upturned plain ;  
High swell his sinews, nostrils wide distend,  
And tries all arts that savage hate can lend ;

But doubtful all, for horse and rider trained,  
An equal contest is by both sustained;  
Entangled though he be, he scorns to yield,  
And drags his foes unwilling o'er the field;  
Till strained at last beyond its power to bear,  
One cord gives way; no strain the other dare.  
Alone resist, but slowly o'er the plain  
Their victim follow, with intent to maim,  
Least covert he should gain, secure from harm,  
For woods, alone, the *lazo* can disarm.

Intentions similar on board prevail,  
When all we did could not resist the gale;  
For only once, the storm the vessel braves,  
And then, o'ercome, retreats before the waves;  
Full on the dangerous shore, a rocky waste,  
Drives on incautious, with ill-omened haste;  
Like some poor mortal, who repentant turns,  
When better feelings in his bosom burns;  
Resolving boldly to defy all sneers,  
And for a while to brave the worldling's jeers;  
But soon his doubts these fairer hopes betray,  
He stops, he wavers, and at length gives way!

Onward she drives, nor time permits debate  
What means best suited to avert our fate,



But prompt in action, and in council brief,  
Mercator, now from Jason, hoped relief;  
And midst confusion, and the crew's dismay,  
He thus began,—“ When first I sought this bay  
“ For shelter, which at sea the storm denied,  
“ On anchoring here my hopes alone relied ;  
“ But now, our fate unable to arrest,  
“ A part must suffer to redeem the rest :  
“ The masts we must resign ; from them relieved  
“ The ship may ride,—our safety be achieved ;—  
“ A sad alternative, for well their form  
“ Alike is graceful, and resists the storm ;  
“ Yet so assailed are we on every hand,  
“ And such the dangers of the leeward strand,  
“ To longer hesitate is not now given,  
“ We must resolve, and leave the rest to Heaven.”

Nor Jason did delay, but quick replied,—  
“ Help from no other have I sought beside,  
“ Than Him whose will hath caused this dreadful  
    storm,  
“ And into calm its raging can transform ;  
“ Who destines all to gain His purposed end,  
“ Although His object may our thoughts transcend ;

“ And under Him, on you my hopes now rest ;—  
“ Then do as seemeth to your judgment best.”

Mercator, then, to meet the coming ill,  
Assigns to each his duty to fulfil ;  
Himself prepared with Stentor's tube in hand,  
O'er the loud storm, to give distinct command :  
Down from the tops, on deck, the topmen's called,  
And yards, by braces to the wind are hauled ;  
That these, though doom'd into the raging tide,  
May softer fall, nor wound the vessel's side ;  
Then stays and lanyards, by the boatswain's ax  
Dissevered, rend, their faithful grasp relax ;  
First cut to windward, and the foremast stays,  
But still to fall the solid mast delays,—  
Remains erect, unbending to the last,  
And though laid bare, still dares the brawling blast ;  
This we behold, and, sorrowing, repent,  
But now, alas ! remediless to relent ;  
No hopes remain ; now injured past repair—  
Deeper to cut, the carpenters prepare,  
With ax broad pointed to inflict a wound  
On either side, and bring it to the ground ;  
But ineffectual all, it still delays,  
Until core-struck, then totters on its base !

Now to thy safety look, thou ruthless foe,  
Else thou wilt rue thy last effectual blow :  
For now the fabric with terrific haste  
Downward proceeds, and wounds the leeward waist,  
Which trembling, owns the hurt, while bulwarks fly,  
And o'er the decks the prostrate ruins lie ;  
In part,—the greater by the waves are borne,  
Victim triumphant of the merciless storm !  
Stung by the sight, the barque repentant turns,  
And from her bows the chafing billows spurns ;  
But direr still the hurricane assails  
The wounded vessel, and at length prevails,  
Nor slacks in fury, but intent to crush  
'Gainst leeward rocks, its waves incessant rush  
On the devoted prey, whose fears return,  
And fleeing, leaves us our sad fate to mourn.

But undismayed, and still resolved to toil,  
To rob the tempest of its destined spoil,  
Soon doom the mainmast to the self-same fate,  
In hopes the cravings of the storm to sate :  
Taught by experience, with redoubled care,  
For this fresh sacrifice we now prepare :  
With deep incision on the leeward side,  
The trunk we wound, and *then* the stays divide ;

Next lanyards cut with boatswain's axe in twain,  
At one fell blow, along the windward chain,  
In hopes that falling it may clear the wreck,  
Nor with its fragments choke the after deck;  
Cleared of the crew, the danger to evade,  
Beneath the poop who seek for sheltering shade,  
As with each furious blast it tottering sways,  
And deadly nature of its wounds displays;  
Till in the hollow of the insidious wave,  
With crashing plunge, it finds a watery grave,—  
Nor falls alone, but by the mizen stay,  
Bound to that mast, it drags it, too, away;  
(Like meaner minds, leagued with the falling great,  
Share in their ruin, and partake their fate,)  
So they descending, and by starboard side,  
The Captain's cutter into two divide;  
Torn and defaced, a mangled helpless mass,  
It hangs dependent; all the waves o'erpass  
And seize their prostrate prey, now rent in twain,  
Another victim to the surging main!  
Somewhat appeased, this now restrains its pride,  
And for a while permits the barque to ride,  
Its crested bosom foaming white with spray,  
As wave by wave course on their leeward way;

Nor harmless pass, —the unabated sea  
Attacks the pinnace, pendent on the lee,—  
Tears her relentless from the davit's arms,  
And for our safety causes fresh alarms :  
Thus merciless treated, of our props bereft,  
Nor *pinnace*, *cutter*, nor the *yawl* is left,  
The *launch*, amidships, only now is seen,  
The shattered foremast and the main between ;  
On chocks securely lashed, with gripes and chains,  
Defies the seas, and spite of all, remains ;  
While fears immediate seem more distant now,  
The ship bereaved, displays a sterner brow ;  
In hopes of rescue, battles with the breeze,  
And rides triumphant o'er the raging seas !

\*

The shout of joy from every lip resounds,  
As o'er the wave the lightened bark rebounds ;  
Nor longer blanches 'midst the appalling scene,  
Though deeply injured shows a front serene ;  
Spurns the proud seas from off her buoyant bow,  
And to the storm bids bold defiance now !  
Like swan, that wounded, seeks the sheltering  
brake,  
On storm-swept margin of some inland lake,

Nerveless its wings hang pendent by its side,  
Nor longer serve its airy path to guide ;  
Yet bold in bearing, and erect in crest,  
The spray it dashes from its whiter breast,  
Faint though it be, deep wounded and oppressed,  
Its watchful eyelids dare not sink to rest,—  
For keen the sportsman tracks retiring route,  
The helpless victim dreads the dire pursuit ;—  
And so with us, for dangers lurk around  
From savage race, and from the rocky ground ;  
Men yet more merciless than e'en the storm,  
Tigers in heart, though clothed in human form !  
Injured our bark ; within their rocky bay,  
No wounded bird e'er formed more tempting prey !  
These to preclude, we call the sentry's aid,†  
On either side, replete the cannonade  
With iron entrails, harbingers of death,  
That speed terrific, 'midst sulphurous breath ;—  
The bristling boarding pikes are ranged around,  
With warlike guisc ; by friends alone are found  
Devices needful, since no masts extend,  
The net impervious on their shrouds to trend.

To foil the storm, Mercator now commands  
To man the capstern with the extra hands,

(A menial train, who deprecate the gale,  
'For only then their services avail.)  
The parted cable, lightened of its load,  
With quick volutions to recall on board ;  
While those more skilful of the nautic crew,  
Forward prepare to *bend it of anew* ;  
And thence descending 'neath the restless tide, .  
Sustain 'its part, the heaving deep' to bide.\*  
Thus armed and watchful, thus securely moored,  
Though still in danger, yet we feel' assured ;  
But caution bids, no-flaring lights should tell  
Our presence there ; nor yet the sound of bell ;  
But dark and silent as the lonely tomb,  
Our form to shroud amidst surrounding gloom ;  
Till day shall dawn, when, vigorous by repose,  
We meet undaunted, danger, and our foes.

Now with the waning day, the winds subside,  
The impervious mists withdraw their veil aside  
And show us all ; for not a tithe we knew,  
In mercy hid from our imperfect view ;  
Our hearts had failed us had we known the whole,  
And dark despair had seized on every soul !

\* See note L.

Deep in the centre of a storm-tossed bay  
Fenced round with rocks, our hapless vessel lay,  
The billow's sport ; dismayed in the storm,  
Now sinks to night, and now aloft is borne  
By the huge waves, with hoarse appalling roar,  
That bellowing roll along the crested shore :  
*On board*, the searching glance no longer sees,  
The neat appliances contrived to please,  
But torn and splintered, strewed along the deck,  
In sad confusion mar the shattered wreck :  
*Seaward*, a barren isle of rugged shape,  
Affords a barrier,—aided our escape,  
But stays our egress with an outstretched hand,  
Pent as we are between it and the land :  
*Leeward*, a shelving, never ending shoal  
Resists, in sheets of foam, the ocean's roll ;  
Turns craven fears to chilling sad dismay,  
For thence alone our hope to leave the bay !  
*Shoreward*, no friendly creek the prospect cheers,  
But rock on rock in endless line appears,  
Bathed by the ocean ; woods their summits crown,  
That meet our greeting with portentous frown ;  
Wild and dishevelled, as they wave on high,  
(Swept by the wind against the lurid sky,)—



Aërial fanes, from whence in shadowy form  
° Descend th' infuriate spirits of the storm !  
Nor aught in human guise is yet in view,  
The only sound—the lonely sea birds' mew,  
As o'er the waves they skim, then soar on high,  
Raised by the gale, and send their piercing cry—  
Bleak desolation's presage !—hateful sound !  
And heard alone where rocks and shoals abound !  
No cheering object meets the gaze, though keen,  
To raise the hopes, and meliorate the scene,—  
But desert all, heart-sickening, desolate !  
No fitter place for shipwreck'd seamen's fate !

On that dread night, while others seek repose  
One sufferer there no balmy respite knows,  
But thoughts incessant ~~course~~ his anxious mind,  
Like driving clouds before the stormy wind ;  
None more distressing, than as thus to see,  
The ocean's sin, fawning hypocrisy,  
On us dire visited, with fearful hate,  
To mar our hopes, and darken our sad fate !  
Behold the traitor ! who like it can smile,  
The incautious stranger's heedless steps to guile ;  
Its bosom placid, radiant with the light  
Of day,—or glories of Celestial night ;

Soft o'er the glassy plain the zephyrs glide,  
To raise the Syren's song, the rippling tide ;  
To lull the senses, charmed with all around,  
And, lure the victim on the dangerous ground ;  
Till, sudden roused from well-dissembled sleep,  
Display the terrors of the vasty deep !  
The plain to mountains raised of fearful height,  
Its radiant brightness, black as stormy night,  
Shaking the earth to her foundations strong,  
The tempest's roar succeeds the Syren's song.  
Confusion follows, for, alas ! too late  
The wretched sufferer sees his hopeless state ;  
Within him melts his heart ; in wild amaze  
Unequal combat with the storm essays ;  
But foiled in purpose, sees in sad dismay,  
That he, alas ! is now the monster's prey :—  
Like fate was ours ; for, decked in full array,  
A few short days, we trode our liquid way ;  
With conscious pride, our masts their heads on high  
Reared unsubdued to kiss the nether sky ;  
Wide, like the Curlew's swift expanded wing,  
The whitened sails abroad we tasteful fling ;  
Strong as the Albatros, inured to roam,  
They urged the ship through streams of sparkling  
foam ;

Their just proportions charm'd the gazer's sight,  
When eye upturned beheld the starry height,  
Swept by the waving of their graceful form,  
As sped the barque before the mimic storm :  
Oft did they cause the warm admiring glance,  
As bold their form bedimmed the bright expanse  
Of Heaven's bespangled arch ;—Orion now,—  
Then Cassiopea,—the Celestial Plough,—  
The Twins,—Capella, and Arcturus too,  
Now hid from sight, and now restored to view,  
As the light pyramid from side to side,  
Fantastic rocked upon the heaving tide,  
In dark relief against the starry sky,  
That drew the gazer's fond, admiring eye—  
A living, beauteous form. But now, alas !  
They leeward drive, a storm-tossed shapeless mass !  
A victim offered to appease the roar  
Of rocks enraged, that guard the insatiate shore !  
Upraised the sight, to view the heavenward scene,  
Nor masts, nor yards, nor sails now intervene ;  
All, all are gone ! the glowing, studded sky,  
Is all that meets the searching tearful eye !  
Mournful, the mind subdued, still seeks around,  
If aught for consolation can be found ;

But none appears, for desolation's where,  
Bleak, desert, comfortless, beyond compare!  
Hopes blasted thus, relax sublunar ties,  
And turn the soul, still struggling, to the skies;  
When self delusion, every earthly stay,  
All refuges of lies are swept away;  
While, too, analogy is closely found—  
The lonely barque in tempest-fetters bound,—  
Dismantled, stript of every outward prop,  
The soul deprived of all external hope,  
Dependent both on providential care,  
From shipwreck that, and this from fell despair;  
Both o'er the path of life did vaunting glide,  
Its storms alike unable to abide;  
Both through destruction's gate are made to pass,  
Actual the one, the other by the glass  
Of conscience, wakened, that with truth displays,  
A blighting retrospect of misspent days,  
In dread array,—a dark and endless line,  
Where evil deeds alone reflected shine,  
In characters of flame,—electric fire,  
The first sad glimpse of never ending ire!

Dread was the scene, when pressed on every hand,  
In danger's hour we sought this storm-beat land,—

Where rocks terrific line the rugged shore,  
And 'gainst their spines the mountain billows roar.  
But what are these compared with scenes like those  
The fears of conscience to the mind disclose,  
When death and judgment o'er the trembling head  
Are held suspended by a single thread?  
When life or death—that awful cast of die,  
Doth on the' tenure of an anchor lie!  
Chafed by the rocks, beneath the surging wave,  
No power on earth our forfeit lives can save!  
Dashed on the strand, amidst the tempest's roar,  
The soul released shall to its Maker soar!—  
Shall through such portal come before the throne  
Of Him to whom its inmost thought is known!  
From whom no covering can its crimes conceal;  
From whose tribunal there is no appeal:  
No—none!—for ever must the sentence be,  
Or bliss, or woe through all eternity!  
Fearful the thought!—secure, though on the land,  
Tenfold augmented o'er a rocky strand;  
In dread suspense, each hour may be the last,  
And each in jeopardy beyond the past;  
Till laid in dust, the mind repentant turns,  
And hope from heaven within the bosom burns.

Kindness in all, in every act is seen,  
And the soul wakes as from a long, long dream !  
Delusion dreadful, where the spirit has been  
By Satan led through many a fearful scene !  
For years enthralled, with speed of lightning whirled  
Through all the dregs of a polluted world,  
To taste the cup whose sip ignites a flame,  
That brands the soul with infamy and shame !

Sunk lower still, now scarce a hope remains.  
What hand can help ? Who now unlock such chains ?  
Bonds yet more galling, when the wormwood lees  
Alone remain, for all it did to please.  
Roused by the thought, the soul attempts to rise,  
And struggling, turns instinctive to the skies ;  
While wrapt in thought, the clouds have passed away,  
And all the wonders of the heavens display ;  
Radiant with glories that reflect the face  
*Of their Creator, and the fount of grace.*  
Convinced by these, that both in one unite,  
The soul awakes, at length perceives aright ;  
Admits that all in love to it is planned,  
And though severe, adores a Father's hand ;  
These thoughts within, like the external scene,  
Restore the troubled mind to calm serene ;

And like the stars that stream effulgent light,  
Amidst the darkness of surrounding night,  
Increased in lustre from the etherial blue;  
Midst which they shine to meet the enraptured view;  
So burst resplendent on the soul, now cured,  
Those truths by mental clouds so long obscured;  
Yet, like these orbs reflected from the deep,  
When storms subside, and waves are hushed to sleep,  
From the smooth surface of the heaving mass,  
The broken rays in wide divergence pass:—  
So with the soul, when passion's storms subside,  
And better counsels o'er the reins preside,  
At first these truths in mingled radiance play,  
And faint, confused, emit a broken ray;  
There darts a gleam:—thick darkness here o'ershades,  
While hope and fear alternately pervades:  
Loudly the law proclaims the dreadful thrall—  
“He that breaks one is guilty of them all!”  
Loud are its thunders—lion-like the-roar,—  
Not hoarser surge the waves on yonder shore:  
Before the law can any guiltless stand?  
Dreadful to fall into the Judge's hand!  
But hark! these sounds that reach the trembling  
soul,—  
Human the voice, but under Heaven's control;

A mother's tones, though long a stranger there :  
Ah ! yes, the same that taught the early prayer,  
Long, long neglected ; yet they sound so sweet :  
As down they come her penitent to meet.  
“ Ho ! ye that thirst, approach the living spring,  
“ Most freely come, nor money with ye bring ;  
“ Why toil to win what doth not satisfy ?  
“ The soul's true food my stores alone supply :  
“ Then come to Me, your famished soul shall live,  
“ Come unto Me, for I will freely give :—  
“ But let the wicked leave his froward way ;  
“ Let all unrighteous thoughts be put away ;  
“ And then return, when mercy shall be found,  
“ And grace and pardon plenteous abound ;  
“ For high as are these orbs that glorious shine,  
“ So far above thy ways and thoughts are mine !”

The trembling spirit calmed, delighted turns  
To Heaven its view, and hope, re-kindled, burns ;  
Deep meditates on what it's made to hear,  
Till precepts, long forgotten, re-appear ;  
Seeds early sown by fond maternal hands,  
Choked by the thorns and briers of foreign lands,  
Spring up afresh, display their beauteous heads,  
Now that the storm has cleared the noxious weeds ;



Reveal in vision, what no pen can trace,  
By truth reflected,—the distorted face  
Of the base soul, where folly, sin, and shame,  
Appear in characters of livid flame,  
And make it dread, when thus displayed afar,  
That power with whom it madly dared to war !

The thing created 'gainst its Maker rise !  
The snail to crest its horns and dare the skies !  
The earth-worm crawling on this nether sphere,  
Defy in madness the Almighty's spear—  
Rush on His shield, who formed the parent earth,  
Whose power creative gave all nature birth !  
Audacious, strike a parricidal blow  
Against the Fountain of all life below !  
To do all this, to dare the arm of Heaven,  
Despise His might—yet hope to be forgiven !

Low in the dust, and doubtful of its fate,  
The soul in anguish mourns its abject state,  
When lo ! in sounds that charm the inward ear,  
These words are heard from yonder glorious sphere,  
That seem commingled 'twixt a mother's tone,  
And, more sublime—from mercy's inmost throne,  
From whence derived, as still a parent's care,  
Is fond employed to woo her offspring there :—

“ When none did pity, and no hand could stay  
“ O’er fallen mankind Satan’s iron sway ;  
“ When like the chaff before the scattering gale,  
“ Or flocks abandoned when the wolves assail ;  
“ Like to thy shattered bark before the blast,  
“ So fled all men before his power aghast.  
“ In servant’s guise my sovereignty I veiled,  
“ And man’s dread foe successfully assailed :  
“ As yonder seas with loud impetuous roar,  
“ Rush on, and break against the rocky shore,—  
“ So Satan came with concentrated ire,  
“ To meet his fate in everlasting fire !  
“ And dost thou also court his dreadful doom,  
“ With him allied, in compact with the tomb ?  
“ Can they uphold thee ’gainst my power to stand ?  
“ Canst’t thou, a creature, brave the Almighty’s hand ?  
“ Then why such warfare wilt thou madly try,  
“ Inexorable ?—Wilt thou seek to die ?  
“ What part of all this guilt-stained mundane sphere  
“ Might not in judgment ’gainst thy soul appear ?  
“ For early didst thou, erring, devious stray,  
“ And wandered on in thy rebellious way :  
“ Yet oft in mercy, thy audacious life  
“ I spared midst dangers, death, outrageous strife,

“ From chasms; hid from thy regardless sight,  
“ And precipices of appalling height ;—  
“ But all in vain !. My providential care  
“ From thy ungrateful heart ne’er forced one prayer !  
“ Then by my messengers—lean want and woe,  
“ I laid thy vain and haughty spirit low ;  
“ With pestilential fever’s burning breath,  
“ I brought thy life down to the verge of death ;  
“ Till recollection scarce thy mind was given,  
“ To pour thy feeble soul in prayer to Heaven ;  
“ Yet still in vain ! for, rescued from the grave,  
“ Thy trouble seemed but as the passing wave,  
“ Dreadful to view, impending as it nears,—  
“ But when it pass’d, soon fled were all thy fears :  
“ Then when my arm to strike in wrath was bare,  
“ Still was it stayed by parent’s fervent prayer,  
“ Till filled the cup of thy demerits o’er,  
“ I doomed thy course towards this barren shore ;  
“ And caused the storm, my minister of old,  
“ To shut thee up within this rocky fold ;—  
“ Thy wayward mind of every hope deprive,  
“ That here I might with thy proud spirit strive !—  
“ Behold thy state, the reckless to confound !  
“ Beyond,—the troubled sea,—the rocks around ;

“ A mandate given to yonder coming wave,  
“ And who on earth thy forfeit life could save ?  
“ For human means are vain, no hope is there,  
“ Around are dangers, and beneath despair !  
“ Nay, look not wildly round, there is no aid,  
“ My power thou canst not, if thou wouldst evade ;  
“ No path is open, hence thou canst not fly ;  
“ Here must thy soul, if unrepentant, die,  
“ Or live for ever, should thine abject state,  
“ Cause thee to turn ere yet it be too late,  
“ And change the current of the soul’s desire !  
“ Immortal thought,—t’ avoid impending ire !  
“ Turn then, in spirit, ah ! turn thou to Me,  
“ This path alone is what remains to thee !”

The work was finished ; for from that same hour  
Satan relaxed progressively his power ;  
Though long the struggle, and for many years,  
The soul successive felt both hopes and fears ;  
The darkest clouds that e’er obscured the day,  
To brightest gleams alternately gave way ;—  
Now near, attracted by the glorious light,  
And devious now, immersed in fearful night ;  
Moved, like the comet, in eccentric course,  
Around its centre, with unequal force ;

Glowed with affection when it neared the sun,  
But icy cold when distant orbits won ;  
Yet still successive heavenly thoughts arise,  
To woo the soul repentant to the skies.

END OF PART II.

# THE COLUMBIAD.

~~~~~  
CANTO I.—PART III.  
~~~~~

### ARGUMENT OF CANTO I.—PART III.

Morning after the storm—Proceedings on board—Council to determine what is best to be done—The launch, with great difficulty, is got over the ship's side—A chosen few, under the Captain's immediate direction, proceed on it to the lee shore, to recover part of the spars and rigging which had been driven on the rocks during the gale—Succeed in swimming through the surf, armed with cutlasses, and provided with implements for freeing the wreck—After two unsuccessful attempts to drag these trophies through the surf, and to tow them afterwards to the ship, they succeed in effecting their purpose—With these and what remained on board, jury masts are erected, rigged and clothed with sails, and preparations are made to leave the bay—At this juncture the ship parts another cable, gnawed by the rocks—Expedients to remedy this fresh disaster—An attempt made to warp the vessel to windward, by placing a kedge anchor on the inner side of the rocky islets—The warp is cut by the rocks—A temporary kedge is constructed of wood filled with shot, and placed in the same position—Gain some ground to windward, when the line is snapt by a sudden squall—Obliged quickly to re-anchor—Sunday comes round again during the perilous sojourn in the dreadful bay—Sabbath scene described—After divine service the wind appears to have shifted more favourably—It continues—Are thereby induced to unmoor, and attempt to clear the southern shelving point—Occurrences on board during this severe trial of fortitude—Approach the dreadful point with alarming nearness—Breakers in every direction—At this critical moment are swept round the point by the offset from the land, and set at liberty—In blue water—Difference of opinion between the supercargoes whither to direct the vessel, in order that the necessary repairs may be made—The Captain called in as umpire, and decides in favour of the Dutch islands lying to the south—Course directed thither.

## CANTO I.

---

### PART III.

---

ROUSED from the trance, behold the roseate ray,  
Of early dawn that ushers in the day !  
Red with the tinge of shame, on conscious morn,  
The ocean blushed as back it threw our form,  
Torn and dishevelled,—for like nought beside,  
Save a sheer hulk, is now the OCEAN'S PRIDE !

The silvery “*call*” with altered tone resounds,  
From masts and yards its note no longer bounds ;  
But shrill on morning breeze, the drowsy crew,  
Are summoned forth, their labours to renew ;  
Nor from their task reluctantly recoil,  
Though cares unusual now augment their toil ;  
Not to attend the well appointed mast,  
To arrest her progress, or propel her fast



Through lightsome billows, by proportioned sails,  
Or watch the shifting of thrice-fickle gales ;  
But cares unwonted anxious thoughts employ,  
While doubts of safety all their hopes alloy ;  
The problem now, and difficult to solve,  
*All things considered, what the next resolve ?*  
Nor yards, nor sails, nor tackle now remain,—  
How then the ocean eastward to regain ?  
Fixed in the North, and East, the wind secure  
Through half the Zodiac shall as yet endure ;  
Impede all egress from the monster's mouth,  
Whose jaws from North, stretch round by West  
to South !

Unmoor we dare not—yet we cannot stay,  
With aught like safety in the fearful bay !  
Dreadful dilemma ! Yet the rigid choice  
Forbids the mind to hang in equipoise ;  
But urged by danger, every nerve is strung,  
Expedients sought, and soon the launch is hung  
Suspended o'er the vessel's labouring side,  
And lowered in safety on the heaving tide ;  
In her a daring band, select explore,  
In quest of wreck, the neighbouring leeward shore,  
Where masts and sails, like native seaweed strown,  
Amongst the rocks a tangled mass are thrown ;

Taught by experience the proud surf to fear,  
They cast the grapnel ere within its sphere ;  
And, anchored there, prepare to gain the land,—  
To swim the ford, or perish on the strand !  
Not this a bath enticing—sparkling clear,  
Whose waves refresh, but give no cause for fear,  
Where leisured indolence may find retreat  
From scorching rays of Summer's drowsy heat ;  
But sounding billows, bursting into foam  
'Gainst pointed rocks and matted seaweeds, roam  
Far on the beach, then suddenly recoil  
Impetuous back, and mock the swimmer's toil !  
Deep in the bosom of the boiling flood  
The prowling sharks rapacious seek for food,  
With eyes of flame, keen watching for their prey,  
And add fresh horrors to the fearful way ;  
While, more predacious, 'yond the rocky line,  
Suspicious natives, lurking, lie supine,—  
Like tigers crouched, our heroes to assail,  
Should all these dangers, to arrest them, fail.

But who, magnanimous, this living grave  
Shall first attempt, our forfeit lives to save?—  
In danger's crucible, when minds are proved,  
The craven from the noble are removed ;

For when the cast, or life, or death decides,  
*Rank* disappears, the *man* alone abides.  
United here, Mercator leads the band,  
The others follow, and all reach the land.  
Thrice, on successive days, the surf is crossed,  
For twice the object of their toil is lost  
By rocks, enraged that they escaped the main, ‘  
Which envious gnawed their *towing-lines* in twain:  
At length successful, on the third they bore  
The tangled mass in triumph from the shore ;  
And ’midst loud cheerings from their mates on  
board,  
The treasure safe within the vessel hoard.

No tale fictitious this, to ’cause a sigh,  
Or draw a tear from tender pity’s eye,  
False admiration in the breast to raise,  
Or gain the meed of surreptitious praise ;—  
But actual all !—This small intrepid band  
Rescued these trophies from the rocky strand,  
Through many dangers, spite of foes on shore,  
And surf-swept rocks resounding to its roar ;  
Yet to their praise no monument of fame,  
Records the deed, or celebrates their name !

So true it is, "that those who dwell 'at home,  
Can ill conceive the fate of those who roam"  
On the great sea, trained up in danger's school,  
In time of need, intrepid, brave and cool;  
Then let this serve, nor scornful toss the head,  
Should they in manner somewhat roughly tread,  
For few have nobler minds, or hearts more free  
Than men made *men* by dangers of the sea!

Of spars possessed, and sails, and running gear,  
All thoughts are turned the jury masts to rear:  
Round the rough spars, for double use designed,  
(With heels extended, upper ends confined,)  
The hawser-falls in many folds are twined,  
And passed through blocks with open cheeks bisect,  
Then on its base the fabric's set erect,  
While from the part that points towards the skies,  
Stretch fore and aft the taut supporting *guys*;  
Like some kind friend, o'er prostrate friend who  
    bends,  
And proffered hand upraisingly extends;—  
So lent the powerful shears their well-timed aid,  
And the foundations of our safety laid;  
Through the broad blocks the massive tackle plies,  
And jury masts in quick succession rise,

Lashed to the stumps that still remain on board,  
They firmly stand, and bear their ponderous load:  
Cross-trees succeed, then caps aloft are tossed,  
While o'er the first the shrouds and stays are cross'd;  
In place of topmasts, gallants tapering rear,  
And royals, to crown all, aloft appear;  
The pointed yards are next successive swayed;  
And lifts and braces through the sheaves are led,  
Clothed with the rescued sails;—our hopes arise,  
And present danger, for a moment, flies:  
Ah transient safety! for the rocks below,  
Insidious still, direct a well-aimed blow,—  
In twain one cable with their spines they tear,  
And, injured thus, renew our former fear,  
But hope undaunted still excludes despair,  
For soon expedients our sad loss repair;  
A cannon is discharged, unshipped, and trussed,  
An iron lever down its throat is thrust;  
The widowed cable to the slings is bent,  
And earth to seek, the ponderous mass is sent;  
The bower relieved by stratagem from strain,  
Our toils are turned the other to regain;  
Led by the sentinel that floats the wave,  
The *creeper* drags it from its oozy grave;

While double labour still awaits the crew,—  
The gun is raised,—the anchor's dropped anew.

Now many methods of escape are traced,  
To be, like writing on the sand, effaced ;  
Until the rocks some prospects faint disclose,—  
These very rocks that seemed so late our foes!  
So raised with passion, so besmeared with foam,  
When first we saw them, as we here did roam,  
In day of danger, *then* they from their head  
Shook grizzly spray, and our advance forbade ;  
Yet hard, unfeeling, as they're formed by fate,  
E'en they relented at our piteous state,—  
Kindly received us, and with outstretched arms,  
Debarred the waves, appeasing our alarms ;  
So now we seek once more their friendly aid,  
In *hugging* them the leeward shoal to evade.  
This to fulfil, a daring plan's begun,—  
With warps and lines an *endless* rope is spun ;  
The kedge, a fixture on the rocks, sustains  
The whole, and thus so far our plan attains ;  
The capstan creaking, as descends each pall,  
Rounds in the slack of this long lengthened fall ;  
While, raised the anchors to the ocean's brim,  
Permit the ship the rippling waves to skim :

Nor merrier sound the lightsome curling seas,  
Against the vessel as she stems the breeze,  
Than bursts the cheering of the mirthful crew,  
When once in motion they the barque review :  
But brief, alas !—the line's unequal strain  
Makes sharp collision with the rocks again,  
In tremulous jar, and thus our hopes are crossed,  
The cord is cut, the grappling anchor's lost !  
From thence to raise it every art denies,  
For 'midst the rocks and boiling surf it lies !

On self resources thrown to seek for aid,  
And heal the breach the treacherous rocks have  
made ;

All means are tried another kedge to form,  
From some torn relic of the by-gone storm ;  
At length the *davits*, o'er the vacant side  
That hang their heads, and mourn their humbled  
pride,

Attract attention ; Dædalus the man  
Whose mind mechanic traced the happy plan ;  
At angles sharply placed, (while binding knees,  
Hold them so fast that nothing can release ;)  
By bolts transfixed, united they remain,  
And though opposed, resist an equal strain ;

While nought is wanting but attractive force,  
To pierce the wave in straight descending course ;  
Nor long deficient, for the ponderous ball  
Fixed in the crown, supplies the wanting thrall ;  
Proud of the work,—this infant of the brain,  
The launch is manned, the warp is stretched again ;—  
Once more the anchors o'er the ocean sweep,  
The wounded vessel skims again the deep ;  
Jocund once more the lonely bay resounds  
With tread of active joy and cheerful sounds ;  
While, anxious to avoid the rocky snare,  
The lengthened line is stretched with utmost care ;  
But, like all mortals, while one ill we shun,  
Into the opposite we blindly run ;  
Of curve divested, and elastic force,  
( 'Gainst sudden pressure the alone resource, )  
The warp is broke ! a sudden gust of wind  
Inflicts a wound that hope can scarcely bind !

Inured to hardships, these we could endure,  
But mental wounds are difficult to cure ;  
High as our hopes arose, so deep they fell,  
This fresh disaster struck a death-like knell !  
But Pity came, and though she could not heal,  
Sent urgent Care, that we slight pain should feel.



The ship unfettered, must again be moored,  
And all that's gained to windward be secured ;  
For sounding breakers the loud air that fill,  
Warn us of dangers that surround us still !  
As night expands its dusky mantle o'er,  
To make more desolate the leeward shore.

Thus o'er our heads in dull succession passed  
Nine lengthened days, each gloomier than the last !  
Until another Sabbath's morn arose,  
With joyous calm, to mitigate our woes ;  
Bright with the glories of a tropic sun,  
The holy day of rest serene begun ;  
Released from toil, in garb of many lands,  
The day is hallowed by the careless hands ;—  
Cheerful the hum, that, mingling, sounds aloud,  
As on the deck in friendly groups they crowd,  
The morn's repast with relish to enjoy,  
Where pampered dainties enter not to cloy ;  
In varied accents, notes of many a tribe,  
Recount their sufferings, our sad lot describe :  
While each to other, as his thoughts disclose,  
Imparts sweet solace, easing half his woes ;  
For though, most strange, yet still 'tis true, we find,  
When narrowly we scan the human mind,

That sympathy in common danger spreads,  
The weight of woe from one o'er many heads.

But hark ! what gladsome notes salute the ear,  
To raise emotions, all unknown to fear !  
No sound of toil, anxiety, or harm,  
The *call* is blown, but "*soundeth no alarm.*"  
Peace and tranquillity bespeak the tone,  
For Sabbath's sacred dues reserved alone ;  
Thrice on the trembling breeze the notes prolong,  
To claim attention from the prating throng :—  
" Quarter-masters, ho !—abast repair  
" To rig the church, and clear the decks for prayer !"  
Again the sounds are warbled loud and shrill,  
And every heart is made with joy to thrill !  
No lacquered beadle to the *call* replies,  
With pursed-up mouth, and consequential eyes ;  
But from the rest, obedient issue forth  
Experienced *hands*, of tried and sterling worth :  
When *men* were wanted, they performed their part,  
But in devotion join with trembling heart ;  
Methinks I see them still, with rolling pace,  
Complexion clear, and sunburnt cheerful face,  
Tight to their manly forms their clothes adhere,  
As white as snow their Guernsey frocks appear,

Save where the collar's turned to meet the view,  
For there, with pride of heart, of truest blue,  
Loose round their necks the Barcelona's tied,  
While the gay sash bedecks the larboard side ;  
Canvas the shoes, of thin elastic sole,  
A light Manila covers in the whole ;  
Such are the men who serve the church at sea,  
Unknown to party,—from intolerance free !

The dauntless ensign the rude capstan veils,  
And soon an awning's formed of rescued sails ;  
Dues not unusual by the guns are paid,  
To pews for Christian seamen weekly made ;  
Another thrilling note ! the crew divide—  
For Allah's children forward still abide,—  
Their artful rites extravagantly planned, “  
This sad division from the rest demand ;  
Twice is the separation clear discerned,  
When food material, or the soul's concerned ;  
Yet, such the mede consistency acquires,  
Our rites fulfilled, respect in them inspires.

In forms religious, it is true indeed,  
That those who rule may designate the creed ;

But here, adapted to the general taste  
Of those united on the watery waste,  
The whole is pitched at Presbyterian tone,  
Though forms episcopal we scarce disown ;  
First, read the prayers, though formal, yet sublime,  
In close adaption to revolving time ;  
• Round, like the system of Celestial spheres,  
They travel on through endless terms of years ;  
Nicely computed, though divergent found,  
Age after age perform the selfsame round ;  
And due precision governing the whole,  
From Heaven, at equi-distance, keeps the soul ;—  
But yet monotonous beyond compare,  
No fervent aspirations breathed in prayer !  
Unsuited to the warmth our present state  
Creates in hearts redeemed from cruel fate,  
Themes to the mind more consonant are sought,  
The Book is opened, and the Word is taught.

In condescension to the simple crew,  
The truth's unfolded with progressive view ;  
Nature points this in all its faultless ways,  
*The dawn subdued precedes the noon-day blaze.*  
In David's harp we find these morning rays  
Inspired, who sung his Son and Saviour's praise,

Heart-stirring strains!—no hollow empty sounds,  
But nurture for the soul throughout abounds;  
Planned by design, we choose the beauteous psalm,  
Wherein the storm is turned to joyful calm—  
Calm of the Spirit, taught to those who feel,  
In mental anguish to and fro they reel:  
But to the simple,—e'en the external form  
Relief affords amidst the howling storm.  
From grace predicted, to the page that flows  
With love to Him who bore our griefs and woes—  
Grace in the human form, that stooped from bliss,  
When Truth met Mercy, and on earth did kiss,—  
We now proceed, where every passage gleams  
With light as clear as day's effulgent beams:  
To His Apostles next we onward pass,  
*To view His mind reflected from their glass;*  
All we inherit from the wonderful plan,—  
*No portrait left of the material man,*  
Nor none designed, for only o'er the soul  
*He loves to reign—to exercise controul:*

Bound, and a captive to the Roman band,  
Borne o'er the stormy sea to foreign land,  
We now contemplate in the Holy Page,  
Our great Apostle of the pristine age,

And then imagine in a time so dark,  
The hopeless wanderings of the ill-framed barque,  
Badly equipped, and navigated worse—  
How, tossed by tempests, could they find their course?  
Censure the daring of the thoughtless crew,  
Who, spite of all, were deaf to what he knew :  
• *To us inspired*,—to them a common man,—  
But, mark in this the depth of Satan's plan !  
We blame the pilot who resolved to weigh,  
His warning voice regardless to obey,  
Although in Paul a man alone they saw,  
Not even free,—a culprit to their law !  
Yet *we*, beguiled by oft insidious gales,  
Our haven leave, and spread the swelling sails ;  
On the broad sea of life to launch with haste,  
But find it soon a dark tempestuous waste !

Though marked attention beams from every face,  
As drives the ancient ship from place to place,  
Through days of danger, nights of wasting care,  
And all admire the Apostle's faith in prayer,—  
Yet prone to error, still the mind pursues  
The critic's part, and every word reviews :  
“ Cast anchor by the stern,” and brave the sea !  
(Their wondering looks demand) how could this be !

Mercator sees the snare, and with true tact  
Averts the blow, explains the well-known fact ;  
For Satan, never ceasing sets his toils,  
And minds of all degrees become his spoils,—  
The learned who scorn a simple bait like this,  
By deeper angling, are debarred from bliss ;  
Some doubt the gnat, and some the orbéd world,  
But he that either doubts, is downwards hurled !  
'Twas not the *quantum* that condemned our race,  
And drove us aliens from a state of grace !  
Yet some there are, who own He formed the fly,  
But power sufficient for a world deny !  
Oh, sad delusion of the human soul !  
Assuredly He formed none, or made the whole ;  
For whence the fly, if He formed not the earth ?  
Did, finding this, induce the insect's birth ?  
Pleased with discovery of the sphere in space,  
Did He resolve with life the orb to grace ?  
Infatuation dire !—who could believe  
The sentient soul could doubts like these conceive ?  
Yet, from a circle when we once depart,  
To tell the curve that may be, baffles art ;—  
So with the soul, when once we prostrate fell,  
Its crude inventions who on earth can tell ?

But stay, nor let the wandering spirit soar.  
Unmindful how they reach'd Melita's shore,  
But with attention, mark the means employed,  
The *crew* to save, the *barque* alone destroyed;  
This part arrests our fascinated powers,—  
Like fate, for ought we know, may still be ours:  
Of this reminded by the breakers' roar  
In mournful cadence from the leeward shore;  
While words like these, pronounced at such a time,  
Nought *can* erase,—no after change of clime;  
But deep imbedded in the soul they lie,  
Magnetic-like to draw it to the sky;  
No means, no human plans, though well combined,  
Can e'er like them constrain the human mind;  
Occasions cannot, though we would, be sought,  
Nor by the treasures of the world be bought.  
From death to life to renovate the soul,  
Is His alone, who can the whole controul?  
Through days, and months, and e'en through lingering years,  
'Midst plans and prospects, earthly joys and fears,  
And ere the combination is complete,  
Men from all quarters must together meet;  
Unconscious instruments, with thoughts diverse,  
The world, together with their plans, traverse;



Yet viewed in wisdom, with a loftier scan,  
All are conspiring to work out HIS plan,—  
Framed yet in mercy, though the means appear,  
While in the fires, protracted and severe.

The service ended, and the watch relieved,  
The rest from labour, for the day reprieved,  
Tethys, the 'vigils next appointed' keeps,  
And, round the circling distance keenly sweeps,  
As on the deck alternately he strides,  
Anxious to mark whatever change betides,

Beyond the northern and the western strand,  
Clouds seem to rise, depoted by the land;  
At first, distrustful, Tethys doubts his sight,  
But still the clouds pursue their eastward flight;  
In slow succession, upwards still they move,  
And dark o'ercast the radiant arch above;  
He then, o'erjoyed, proclaims the fact aloud,  
Which, quick as wild-fire, spreads among the  
crowd.

No augur sought more keen, though meant to try  
The fate of nations, than we view the sky;  
Then to the ocean turn, to watch the breeze,  
And mark the setting of the sidelong seas,—

Then ask the magnet faithfully to say,  
Our course divergent through the dangerous bay,  
For still a double doubt assails the mind,  
Dependent not alone on change of wind,—  
But, short of masts, reduced in every sail,  
How close we may embrace the windward gale,  
Or who can tell, should we attempt to weigh,  
How she may work, or when in danger stay?  
But soon all doubts entirely disappear,  
As cloud on cloud ascends, our hopes to cheer;  
And once resolved, with promptitude the crew  
Are marshalled forth their labours to renew:  
Again the boatswain sounds his thrilling call  
Of “hands unmoor ship! all hands,—all!”  
At sounds so joyous, up the seamen swarm,  
And some the capstan with its levers arm;  
While others stationed, mount aloft to clear  
The swelling sails, and slack the running gear;  
Delighted all, on every cheerful face.  
Swift gleams of joy and hope each other chase,—  
Joy at deliverance from this living tomb,—  
Hope, that destruction is not yet their doom:  
Quick on the deck is heard the lightsome tread,  
And round the merry capstan turns with speed;

Sheeted the topsails, and the folds unspread,  
The unwilling anchors leave their rocky bed ;  
Gallants and royals set, and jibs up-run,  
The steersman's labours are again begun :  
Down drop the courses and the spanker spreads,  
And o'er the bounding wave her path she treads,  
Straight as an arrow through the ambient air,—  
Swift as a bird released from fowler's snare,  
Onward she seeks the shoreless, seaward way,  
And from her bows, exulting, spurns the spray ;  
From danger freed, from grief's encumb'ring load,  
Rejoiced to leave her desolate abode.  
The breeze augmenting, speeds with increased force ;  
The spumy waves denote a leeless course ;  
But still desirous, that the *rate* be known,  
The glass is set, the log proportioned thrown ;  
Inverse the one, the other by the line  
Direct, but both by aid of time define ;  
Time, while the ebbing sand deserts the glass,  
Proportioned to the space o'er which we pass,—  
While these, to higher laws should we ascend,  
All on rotation of the globe depend.  
Thus time is motion measured by the light,  
When formed, and parted from chaotic night ;

Though dark the orbs revolved in measured space,  
Ere light existed to denote their place !

Our rate computed, though no yard is square,  
Shows twice the number three, and one to spare ;  
Seven miles an hour, with masts reduced like these,  
Denote great speed when running with the breeze ;  
Nor unproductive this, but, stern, conveys  
An admonition, nothing can erase ;  
That vain presumption, not a wise forecast,  
Traced out the size of every former mast,  
Beneath whose weight, oppressed, she toiled before,  
And all but perished on a leeward shore.  
Alas ! too frequent in our Eastern seas,  
Where pride of forms, and not sound sense they  
• please ;—  
But all is sacrificed to would-be caste,  
To “ rakish look,” and character of “ fast !”

One trait I've oft observed among mankind  
That shows the weakness of the human mind ;  
*Things which they fondly hope for, when they gain*  
*They heed no more than shadows o'er the plain.*  
How oft, despairing, did we longing say—  
“ Oh, if we could but leave this dreadful bay !—

“ Avoid the presence of this hated shore,  
“ Ne’er to return, or ever see it more,—  
“ How happy would we be, with what delight,  
“ O’er the blue wave we’d wing our rapturous  
flight!”

But now accomplished, where’s the promised joy?  
Why show these clouded brows so much alloy?  
Whence, but from that which mars all pleasure here,  
The sad vicissitudes which mark our sphere?  
Without a chart descriptive of the bay,  
We fear that dangers still may bar our way,—  
Where rocks ambitious rise *above* the sea,  
Others more humble may just *level be*;  
Though meek, yet treacherous, for the others tell,  
With candid front, where death and dangers dwell;  
And, too, the bearings of the shelving strand,  
Make it uncertain if we clear the land;—  
Anxious the look, and quick the feverish pace,  
Enquiry mutual broods on every face;  
How move the bearings of the endless shoal?  
Shall we,—oh! shall we round the fearful goal?  
Where, nice suspended ’midst infuriate noise,  
Hang life, or death, in awful equipoise.—  
On this, destruction ’mongst the rocks and foam;—  
On yon, deliverance, and the joys of home!

Undaunted at the sight, the masts we ply,  
And o'er the surging seas rebounding fly;  
Close, and more close the dreadful point appears,  
And quicker beat alternate hopes and fears:  
Nor unprepared we near the dangerous coast;  
Each guards incessant his appointed post,  
To act his part with promptitude and skill  
In strict obedience to superior will;  
With wise provision 'gainst a trying hour  
Is cleared, and ready held, the smaller bower,—  
A needful sacrifice on safety's fane,  
In "*missing stays*" the vessel to restrain;  
With nice precision just to rake the ground,  
And cut the cable, when her head comes round.

Onward she speeds, the foaming sea she ploughs,  
And sends the spray regardless from her bows,  
While strange emotions in the mind arise,  
As on her way th' unconscious vessel flies:  
Convinced we are she acts a proper part,  
But, as it were, with stern remorseless heart,—  
Know well our safety in her speed consists,  
Yet dragged to scaffold the weak mind resists,  
And hence the conflict; while confined to space  
We're forced partakers of the appalling race.

With ceaseless deafening roar the leeward shoal  
Resounds in cadence to the ocean's roll;  
While waves on waves in whitening sheets of foam  
Rush o'er its rocks, and on its ledges roam;  
With dread proximity the land appears,  
Each following wave its crest still higher rears,  
And more important, as recedes the space  
In which, with anguish, our last hopes we trace.  
All is computed that relates to sea,—  
The tide, the drift, the vessel's way to lee,  
With careful skill,—no element's forgot,  
But still a darkened veil o'ershades our lot;  
Still unaffected hangs the stubborn beam—  
No change, to human eye affords a gleam.  
Onward the ship, with inconsiderate haste,  
Regardless dares the angry boiling waste;  
Ahead, astern, in all directions round,  
White crested waves denote unequal ground;  
One, like a volcan, rises from below,  
The shuddering counter reels before the blow!  
Another, more audacious, strikes the bow,  
And consternation broods on every brow!  
Turn where we will, no hope of safety's there;  
And scarcely room, in missing *stays*, to wear!

But just as hope's last flickering ray expired,  
And turned despair, new rays our breasts inspired.  
Onwards we rush, by circumstances driven,  
And leave our destiny alone to Heaven ;  
For human aid is vain ; alas ! too late  
T' arrest, or alter our impending fate !  
When lo ! the moment doth at last appear •  
*To shew, no earthly wisdom governs here !*  
One element unknown, or else forgot,  
Upturns the beam, and meliorates our lot.  
*A tidal offset from the shelving strand*  
*Sweeps us, unconscious, round the point of land !*  
Sets us at liberty—declares us free !—  
Grateful, to seek the blue and shoreless sea !

Soon we emerge beyond the sullen gloom  
Of death's dark shade, that hovered o'er our doom,  
As scowling sat the monarch of despair  
On yonder point, his fearful rock-bound lair !  
And safe escape, to hail the joyous scene,  
From prison freed, where we so long had been—  
And all admiring, still with wonder trace  
Where helpless efforts met with heavenly grace :  
No folding of the arms with upturned eyes,  
Imploring Heaven with unavailing sighs ;



Nor yet precipitate and rashly blind  
'Gainst nature's laws to shut th' imprudent mind  
But in nice medium 'twixt the two we steer,  
And find a blessing—the dread shoal we clear.

When inward light declines upon the wane,  
If mixed with faith 'twill brightly burn again,  
Illume the path, which, indistinct before,  
The mind unaided could not well explore:  
This we experience with unmixed delight  
As on we urge our unremitting flight.

Should hawk, low sweeping through the buoyant  
air,

Incautious come within the fowler's snare,  
How fierce its struggles in th' entangling toil  
All deadly arts antagonist to foil!  
Strains every nerve, each hindering mesh to tear,  
To gain its freedom in the ambient air;  
While o'er the fields its screechings plaintive ring;  
At length escapes with injury of wing,  
Nor lingering stays to cast a glance behind,  
But floats resistless on the fav'ring wind,  
To some lone crag its sorrows to conceal,  
Or patient wait until its losses heal.

So we, at first, are by the freshening breeze  
Borne all resistless o'er the swelling seas,  
Reduced in sail, curtailed in every mast,  
Obey instinctive the impelling blast ;  
While keen dissensions 'tween the chiefs prevail  
How we shall steer, how trim the pliant sail.  
Where shelter seek, our losses to replace,  
And once complete, our devious steps retrace.  
Orpheus, the elder, first his counsel gave ;  
“ Back to Luconia to retrace the wave,  
“ In its famed arsenal our masts renew,  
“ And if we need, the nether hull review ;  
“ For there supplies of every sort abound,  
“ And all the aids that we require are found.”

Jason opposed ; with calm but firm discourse,  
Displays the dangers of the purposed course :  
“ Through straits most intricate we thread our  
way  
“ 'Gainst dangers manifold, with much delay ;  
“ How then attempt, in madness, to retrace  
“ With injured ship, the lengthened windward  
space ?  
“ But even should we, 'gainst all hope succeed,  
“ To ills more imminent 'twould only lead :—

“ The poignant jealousy, but ill concealed,  
“ Its rulers felt (by symptoms clear revealed)  
“ Of our design, to gain the rebel shore  
“ Of Anahuac; its treasures to explore,  
“ Which dread alone to aggravate their shame  
“ In Europe’s eyes, and darken more their name,  
“ Had scarce restrained from bursting into flame,  
“ And would not, but their fear, when all replete  
“ Their plans malevolent had met defeat;  
“ Like eagle plumed, with fierce and haughty eye,  
“ His foes, in conscious power, doth bold defy,  
“ Sure of his strength and matchless speed of  
    flight,  
“ Disdains their envious arts and puny might;  
“ Freed from them all, his path aerial wends,  
“ And calm in flight, majestic’ly ascends;  
“ But wounded should he thence unnerved return,  
“ Fiercer their hatred shall be sure to burn,  
“ And, far from pity, his defenceless state  
“ Their fears shall banish, and increase their  
    hate;  
“ Revive their energies and tortuous wiles,  
“ Until the monarch falls within their toils:  
“ Our fate the same, should madly we essay  
“ To seek, dismantled, their protecting bay.”

Like winds on rocky mountain's side that play,  
Sigh through its caverns, and pass on their way,  
While all unmoved remains th' enduring mass ;  
So Jason's words the ears of Orpheus pass :

• Fail to convince—they alter not his will,  
 A common language draws him blindly still ;  
 Thoughts harb'ring more of friendship than our good,  
 Lie at the bottom of the stubborn mood :  
 All access he debars, himself secludes,  
 And all but written argument excludes ;  
 This Jason heeds not, for inured to these,  
 No point resigns his fitfulness to please ;  
 But more enlarged, beyond the present looks,  
 Sees future good, and turbid humour brooks.—  
 No course prescribed, while wills opposing jar,  
 Onward we speed, and leave the land afar ;  
 As borne by currents of an equal force,  
 Between the two she steers a middle course,  
 Happy in this (unlike the passion-tossed),  
 We gain an offing from a dangerous coast.

Not always so ; when two with equal rein,  
And right to rule, their privilege maintain !  
Absurd the plan ;—if confidence abound  
In one and other, why are both there found ?

If one alone can confidence ensure,  
Then why, in common sense, the two endure ?  
If neither just, like lenses both untrue,  
Can errors opposite correct the view ?  
This concave overmuch, or that convex,  
In place of aiding, doth the sight perplex :  
But join them both together, and the view  
Becomes distinct, most charming, and quite true :  
But what succeeds, should similar vice abound ?  
Rays broken and dispersèd all around.  
But mark the danger to the men who dare,—  
The *changing* mind to crystal lens compare ;  
One glass, though potent, can no change induce,  
Nor from its form its neighbour lens seduce ;  
Once cast in mould, the crystal still retains  
The given shape ; and as it's made remains :  
Concave if once, then concave all its days,  
Refracting all around diverging rays ;  
And forms opposed, applied with optic skill,  
If once adjusted, will remain so still :  
But minds from moral influence released,  
No one can tell how much they are diseased ;  
Once 'yond the circle which the laws prescribe,  
Who can divine what figure they'll describe ?

And once divergent from their destined place,  
One draws the other, like the orbs in space,  
Not by their magnitudes, but by the force  
With which they wander from their pristine course ;  
• And thus the evil that 't was sought to cure,  
Is rendered worse, and very much more sure.

'Twas *patronage*, with us, produced the ill ;  
Not want of confidence the post to fill ;—  
A noisome weed that every where abounds,  
In Church, and State, and even private grounds.  
To young ambition 'tis a sure defence ;—  
He rises high, who favours can dispense :  
Engagements mutual, though not made aloud,  
Between the statesman and the venal crowd.  
Yet 'tis not in the ruler's mind it grows,  
But from the governed, that the evil flows :  
*The love of giving is not half so strong,*  
*As to receive is in the needy throng.*  
For he that's up, would soon forget to give  
If those beneath, without a place could live.

If venal in the State, where all is *sense*,  
In spiritual matters, how much more intense ?

And here, unhappily, it grows apace,—  
This is the noxious evil's rifest place !

But, whence came Patronage, the Church's sin ?  
When crept the deadly monster silent in,  
O'er all its acts to exercise controul,  
And Achan-like contaminate the whole ?  
For in the WORD, we no-where read, that those  
Who gave their substance did their Pastors choose.  
Did saints in older times, who gave, secure  
To selves and heirs, the right to don a cure ?  
And if they did, then why was Simon told  
That gifts like these were neither bought nor sold ?

Conceive a deed, subscribed by elder JAMES,  
By PAUL, and JOHN, and other sacred names,  
To some long-sworded peer, or subtile scribe,  
“ For reasons which these documents describe ;  
“ When void the bishoprick, thy sovereign will  
“ The church at Corinth, or at Rome shall fill,  
“ Despite the pleasure of the saints who there  
“ By faith and exercise for heaven prepare,—  
“ The tried materials for the church above,  
“ Where all's perfection, harmony and love.  
“ They, by the Spirit, are elected, here,  
“ But we, for reasons which in these appear,

“ On thee, a *layman*, by this present deed  
“ Confer the right to choose their *spiritual* head.”

Should this, loud jarring on the mind, offend,  
Can we its counterpart in use defend ?

• 'Tis but the principle produced at length  
In stronger lines, to show the monster's strength.  
And, if distortions of imperfect rays  
Of barbarous ages, and of darker days  
Through which they've tainted passed, why not return  
To the pure lights that in the Scriptures burn ?

Would learned men, or men of science think  
It right in them at fountains such to drink ?  
Would they, supine, these darkened lights endure  
Or short of truth, imbibe of streams impure ?  
Then why, when souls immortal are concerned,  
Should men fall short of science, and the learned ?

Up ! and be doing then, with heart and mind,  
To scatter patronage before the wind,  
And all united in one solemn band,  
From this fell monster, free our native land !

•  
•  
But why digress, and leave the bark to find  
A course directed by the captious wind ;  
And fail to tell, how Jason urged his plea  
Southward to steer, and from Luconia flee.



Who argued thus—in hopes his stern compeer  
With him concurring—to the south would steer,  
“In Lucon’s port debasing vice prevails,  
“Their law relaxed, no criminal assails;  
“Th’ allurements many, and the virtues few,  
“How, unsupported, shall we rein the crew?  
“Already conscious, ere they all fulfil,  
“The arduous labours that await them still;  
“Such power repelling here, attractions there,  
“’Tis ten to one they leave us in despair!  
“But turn from this, and with impartial eye  
“View what shall happen, should we southward fly,  
“In quest of Nassau’s spicy rich domains,  
“Where strictest discipline impartial reigns;  
“Where love to us and pity for our fate,  
“Shall solace gain, in place of envious hate:  
“And ten times sooner, too, relief we’ll find,  
“Borne on the pinions of the favouring wind;  
“While should our seamen dare their posts to leave  
“Their stricter rules will soon the ill retrieve.”

These explanations still unable prove  
Orphens’ deep-rooted prejudice to move;  
Enough, his language and his friends are there,  
To drag him onward to the fatal snare.—

Till forced, at length, to nominate a place,  
The captain's called, to arbitrate the case.  
Coincident with Jason, he derides  
Luconia's port, and for the South decides ;  
• Then trims concurrent to that course the sails,  
And courts with nautic skill the favouring gales.  
Relieves the braces, slacks the flowing sheet,  
And 'midst loud cheers, commences the retreat !

END OF PART III.



THE COLUMBIAD.

~~~~~  
CANTO I.—PART IV.  
~~~~~

#### ARGUMENT OF CANTO I.—PART IV.

Meditations, when, free and bounding o'er the sea, on the scene of our past sufferings—The grave—Death—A victim to it by fever—Meditations on the present and future states of the soul—and some conclusions drawn from the two—Approach the island where it is intended to refit the ship—Our arrival, and gratitude to God for having conducted us in safety through so many perils.

## CANTO I.

~~~~~  
PART IV.  
~~~~~

Now free, and bounding o'er the crested wave  
We scarcely recognize our rock-lined grave,  
Faint in the distance, and reduced to sight,  
The whole is seen in quite an altered light—  
The stormy, surf-swept, solitary scene,  
Where we so long had lonely captives been !

*Beyond*—how natural every thing appears !  
*Within*—how hateful to our abject fears !  
The rocks, how hideous, how extremely rough,  
But, viewed from far, seem smooth and small enough ;  
Proportion'd barriers for an open shore  
To guard the coast—to scorn an ocean's roar.  
*Within*—the rush of each succeeding wave  
Sounded our knell—foretold a watery grave.  
Their spumy crests rose on our sicken'd sight,  
As loud they burst against the rocky height ;

But viewed in distance, as they dash on high,  
'Appear majestic 'gainst the clear blue sky.  
Their noise, like thunder, deaf'ning did appear,  
But now, melodious, charms the distant ear :  
The tufted woods and varied trees how grim,  
Seen through our fears, when pinioned there within,  
Now add their verdure to the upland scene ;  
Their crests' so graceful, cloth'd in smiling green !

Faint, and more faint appears the distant view,  
And as we speed, assumes a mellowed hue ;  
But still distinct the rugged rocks appear ;  
The dashing billows, still their summits rear  
Bright in the radiance of the setting sun,  
Whose lengthened rays, denote its race near run—  
Low in the west, shoots forth its spreading beams,  
Aërial gold, so glowing bright they seem ;  
While o'er th' attendant clouds its light-rays pass,  
With varied colours tinging every mass :  
Burnished beneath, above a purple hue,  
In bold relief on field of greenish blue,  
And all combined, unite in one grand ray  
A glorious farewell to the hallowed day !  
Whose shades soft blending ere they sink to night,  
Shed o'er the scene a sweet harmonious light !

Permit us still to trace the well known shore  
A moment longer, ere it's seen no more !  
Now to the eye a faint and distant mote,  
As trembling on the air it seems to float ;  
At length, where objects met our ardent view,  
One line unbroken's seen of circling blue !  
Thus from our vision fades the dreadful scene—  
(The glad deliverance appears a dream !)  
Where wrecked, dismasted, crushed beneath the  
    load—  
Wave after wave of misery o'er us strode !  
But 'midst the night of sorrow's darkest gloom  
Mercy was sent to mitigate our doom.  
While, in the chastened mind, portrayed is found  
A mental transcript of the scenes around.  
Beneath the rod, at each successive blow,  
Darker the dispensation seemed to grow,  
Until distraught, the sad, bewildered mind  
Could see no hope, no consolation find !  
But once released—when safety it regains,  
The clouds disperse, the hallowed fruit remains :  
Serene the soul with adoration glows,  
Nor longer thinks of bygone transient woes.



And too, at last, when by the fix'd decree  
The trump shall sound that sets our bodies free,—  
When comes that sabbath day—as come it must,  
When every soul shall join its kindred dust,  
No longer wrapped in silence and in gloom,  
But bless'd in union, triumph o'er the tomb;  
Should they, remindful of the fading scene  
Where all their sorrows and their joys have been,  
With look reverted, bend on earth their gaze,  
While on they speed amidst the starry maze;  
How changed would then the darksome grave appear  
Through which they pass'd to gain that glorious  
sphere!

Its icy walls and lonely horrors now  
Can draw no moisture from their ransomed brow!  
Seen by the glories of the heavenly light,  
As on they urge their still ascending flight;  
All they discern, where late they dwelt on earth  
Is one dark speck, their legacy by birth!  
In death's dread hour it seemed to them their all;  
But now, with joy ascending, seems so small!  
And onward urging their exalted flight,  
It fades entirely 'midst celestial light!

The grave, mysterious passage ! equal stands  
Upon the borders of two differing lands—  
Entrance to yonder sphere—exit from this—  
The way to misery, or eternal bliss !

By death's dread portal nothing can pass through  
Save soul and body ; or, what's strictly *you* !

Behold yon mortal hurrying to the bourne.  
“ From whence no traveller ever did return,”  
Conscious that nothing can arrest his course—  
Friends, honours, riches offer no resource !

*Within* the burning fever speeds its way  
Straight to the heart—its power no hand can stay ;  
All earthly remedies are now in vain ;  
The helpless victim writhes with mortal pain !  
As near the verge as his departing soul  
Can fading energies of sense controul,  
And looking back, can aught perceive while here,  
Friends may surround, and his distraction cheer ;  
But what are honours to his troubled mind ?  
Pleasures to him !—what solace can he find !  
What now are all his keenly hoarded gains,  
But deep, indelible, immortal stains,  
Graven on the soul with adamant pen—  
The thought, the deed, the circumstance, and when !

Now talk to him of titles, and a name  
' With all the deference that pride can claim :  
Another step ! and what are they all now,  
When death's cold sweat bedews his clammy brow !  
Fearful to pass, but hurried on by fate,  
Reluctant traveller through the awful gate !  
Another step ! his perturbed senses fail—  
He stands almost within the fearful pale !  
Though dim to earth, before his inward eyes  
The dread realities of Heaven arise !  
Oh, for one word to ease his mental pain  
From that bless'd Book he did so late disdain !  
When all the refuges of worldly lies  
Danced o'er the page and led away his eyes !  
Now could it stay his mind, assuage his fears,  
Restore his peace, and dry up all his tears !  
Too late, alas !—his trembling senses reel ;  
In vain to them is made the last appeal !  
Convulsed, and struggling, ready to expire,  
The last vibrations of the vital wire !  
Another fearful step ! his soul 's set free,  
And all is changed ! He 's in Eternity !

Cold in the tomb the mouldering body lies :  
Th' immortal spirit seeks its native skies.

Yet, still mysterious what its state may be  
Unclogged by sense, when from the body free.  
The finite powers of man cannot, confined,  
Conceive the wonders of th' Eternal's mind;  
Or comprehend where souls in separate state  
The resurrection of their bodies wait.  
Nor should they—if indeed with loftier range  
Of thought, we strive to grasp the mighty change;  
On earth, the soul, immortal though it be,  
Is bound to time—nor from its laws is free.  
But when by death it gains its native clime,  
Then rules Eternity,—not finite time,  
These widely differing; though we do believe  
We cannot, though we would, the change conceive.  
Yet by the Word, this truth, at least, is known—  
That souls redeem'd surround the heavenly throne  
On high, and there in bliss for ever dwell—  
With praise seraphic their sweet anthems swell.  
Though here encased, where *time* and *matter* reign,  
They cannot, though they would, the change explain,  
Yet still excursive, may attempt to trace  
Back to the fount, to see what there took place.

When formed the *body*, and complete the whole,  
“He breathed, and *man* became a living soul.”

Not two, but *one*; and what *He* did unite  
'Who shall undo? who dares forbid the rite?  
If one, then who can say, in separate state  
The soul can act; can modify its fate?  
"As falls the tree, so must it prostrate lie,"  
And there remain through all eternity!  
But as the soul dies not, nor prostrate falls,  
In this the *body* our attention calls.  
"To fall" implies a *time*; what "time" is this  
From which we date eternal woe or bliss?  
That "*time*" is death, when bodies prostrate lie  
And souls escape (because they cannot die)  
To seek abodes eternal in the sky.

Now, what the mind perceives, through *sense*  
flows in;  
But then, the soul turns it to *good* or *sin*,  
Not the *perceptions* in themselves are ill,  
But *how arranged deliberately by will*.  
Simple perceptions in themselves are pure,  
And just *arrangements* still the same ensure.  
The images of things may equal pass  
Through different minds and alter quite their class;  
Just as the elements that form the earth  
In number few, to varied things give birth;

The self-same atoms diversely combined  
In poison, or in nutriment we find ;  
The healthful atmosphere that floats around  
Almost the same as noxious vapour's found :  
So mental elements within dispersed,  
Can by volition wholly be reversed—  
The soul's immortal, never-dying food  
By it transformed to evil or to good ! •  
Like it, immortal ; so must ever be  
All it performs through all eternity !  
But its volitions chiefly do conduce  
To class perception, knowledge to produce ;  
As through the bodies passed of all alive  
Food, though *inert*, doth yet again *revive*,  
Becoming part of *living* beings now,  
Though man, with all his knowledge knows not how ;  
So, that which flows, material though it be  
Through all the senses—what we hear and see,  
Touch, taste, or smell, or any way perceive,  
Or what by them, we in the mind conceive,  
Are lost to matter as they inward roll  
In one vast tide to feed th' insatiate soul !  
That dwells within, “and turns its mental food”  
“Into immortal evil, or to good.”

“ That dwells within !” How strange ! mysterious  
case !

The immaterial limited to space !  
Forced into union with the sodden clay,  
To raise it buoyant to the realms of day !  
Once but allied, for ever to remain—  
Their common fate nought ever can unchain !  
Strange that the spirit, through the clay, should know  
All that is passing while 'tis here below ;  
But stranger still, that matter, through the soul  
Should be partaker of the wond'rous whole !  
Destined to live, for ever to enjoy  
Eternal happiness without alloy,  
Or never ending woe ;—since Satan's plan  
With dire effect seduced confiding man,  
And caused—to remedy inherent crime—  
A separation 'tween them for a time.

But while alive—in union while they're here,  
The soul, translucent, forms a mental sphere :  
As yon bright azure vault doth round expand  
Th' ærial firmament o'er sea and land,  
Through which those heavenly objects seem so  
bright—

The starry throng that stream their glorious light

Though from the earth oft dark'ning vapours rise  
To dim the lustre of th' etherial skies ; —  
So with the soul ; when wrapt, it upward turns,  
No vapours float, for light unsullied burns ;  
But when relapsing, downward views have place,  
And earth-born images within we trace :  
Thought after thought, in quick succession rise,  
And course each other through the mental skies,  
Calm and serene, when they, like clouds of fleece,  
Move gently on, then all within is peace ;  
Blended the mass ; now calm, and rapid now,  
Doubts and distractions shade the troubled brow,  
When bitter thoughts and dark ideas lower,  
And o'er the mental aspect hold their power ;  
The sterner virtues, with no mind to please,  
Are well depicted by such clouds as these :  
Sunshine and shadow gleaming forth by turns,  
Denote that caprice in the bosom burns,  
When thoughts, like mists, bedim the inward sight,  
Then ignorance and prejudice benight ;  
But when dark hanging clouds obscure the view,  
Desponding melancholy marks the hue,  
Surcharged with vap'ry thoughts, like clouds with  
rain,  
Then sorrow 's seen with all her melting train.



Should images electric crowd the mind,  
Like sultry summer clouds on balmy wind,  
Then lovers' rosy thoughts impassioned swell,  
To lead to—what?—Let disappointment tell!  
But when the sun with mellow gilding rays,  
The gorgeous radiance of its tints displays,  
There is the poet's and the painter's hour,  
To show in richest guise their mental power!  
And later still, when the pale chaster ray  
Of the cold moon maintains its pensive sway,  
The mind to contemplation gives the night—  
Is lost to sense, and revels in delight;  
Freed from the trammels that attract it here,  
It soars aloft towards a higher sphere;  
With the Great Father of the spirit there  
Seeks fervent intercourse, by silent prayer.

If, unserene, should mental vapours lour—  
Should tempests mar the night, and torrents pour,  
Then carnage, conquest, and ambition flare,  
With lurid light to shed their baleful glare,  
And when, like thunder, fierce as lightnings roll,  
A conqueror lives!—behold Napoleon's soul!

While sins of nations settled on their lees,  
Are aptly purified by storms like these!

Full was their cup. He loosed the dreadful brand,  
And with his whirlwind swept the impious land :  
Onward it rolled, a devastating flood,  
O'erwhelming all, and drenching them in blood !  
Still onward rolled, with loud contentious roar,  
But e'er respected Britain's sea-bound shore ;  
Whose Monarch's virtuous mind, exalted high,  
O'er dark'ning clouds shone pure as azure sky,  
Like the bold summits of his empire free,  
When wintry storms enrage its circling sea !  
For faint the peals, and dim the distant gleams  
Of those dread thunders, which like fearful dreams  
Swept names of ages from the tainted earth,  
And gave new dynasties imperial birth,  
But could not them uphold ; for now the brand  
He quenched, and eased from thrall the groaning  
land !

But cease these airy flights, and stoop to trace  
The soul's deportment when confined to space.

Through means material it doth here perceive,  
And by the mind doth varied thought conceive ;  
Hence its acquirements through the body's known,  
*For man is not composed of soul alone ;*

But intimately joined are they in one,  
And what the soul performs, in matter's done :  
For this the final and dread award,  
"As in the body done, so thy reward!"  
But whose reward? Sure, not the soul alone,  
For souls, in bodies clothed, surround the throne ;  
Complete re-union judgment antecedes,  
To share alike the harvest of *their* deeds :  
But if the soul deteriorates its state,  
Should then the insensate body share its fate ?  
And senseless, sinless, mouldering in the tomb,  
Should it partake the *erring spirit's* doom  
For deeds done *out* the body ? Is this our creed ?  
Is this according as we scripture read ?  
Again, if spirits, from their bodies free,  
Can hear or taste, perceive—can know or see—  
Can learn, compare, discern, reject, admit,—  
*External senses* why, again, permit ?  
If they in separate state can all this do,  
Wherefore with matter cover them anew ?  
But here 's the difficulty, :—none deny  
That bodies join their souls in yonder sky,  
And thus restored, partake eternal peace,  
Or pass to where all happiness shall cease !

But if, as we supposed, there souls' perceive,  
Without a *local change* can we conceive,  
That though the clay restored (though pure it be)  
The self-same scenes around they *then* could see!  
Or aught perceive of what is passing there,  
Though in that bless'd abode all 's bright and fair!

• Well, then, the question is reduced to this,—  
*For man, how many places are in bliss?*

• Of "many mansions," one alone's for us;  
Who shares the rest, we need not here discuss:  
Enough to know, if from pollution free,  
That where *He* is, there we shall also be,  
And He that gave himself for us to die  
Hath formed "a mansion" fitting in the sky,  
Where souls and bodies sanctified shall share  
Eternal happiness with angels there:  
From whence it follows, as a point declared,  
That as a mansion is for us prepared;  
To tenant it we must be *here* made fit,  
*It alters not for us, but we for it.*  
And, oh! what bliss to be for ever clear  
Of human frailties that oppress us here!  
Promptly to know, and strengthened to fulfil  
The slightest token of His gracious will!

Speed on the wings of love, these joys inspire  
With ardent zeal—His ministers of fire,—  
The weak to succour, downcast minds to cheer,  
Console, confirm, and banish all their fear ;  
Nerve every Abdiel spirit, taught to burn  
With true allegiance, every art to spurn :  
But oh ! the mercy's errand, yet more dear,  
From cheek that mourns to dry the scalding tear !  
Mildly to win,—lead back the erring soul,  
An outcast doomed by man's unjust controul !  
Wooed and deceived, traduced beyond remede,  
*The least offender branded with the deed ;—*  
In art less practised than deceitful man,  
Becomes a victim to his deep laid plan,  
And finds no sympathy,—no, not a tear,  
Her wounded sensibility to cheer !  
No words to win her back when once astray,  
Gently retrace her steps to virtue's way,—  
But cold, forbidding, down the dreadful course,  
She's hurried on—her last, her sole resource !

The fairest flower that Paradise produced—  
Was it bestowed to be so basely used ?  
For this did our great parent pining mourn,  
And 'midst the joys of Eden feel forlorn ;

Without congenial consort of his kind,  
To yield him social interchange of mind :—  
Was it for this his slumbering side was rent,  
And thence a portion for a moment lent,  
To be restored—to female grace transformed,  
The fairest maid that ever since was formed ?  
Miraculous transition ! to behold  
The rib expanding to the perfect mould !  
The flesh to muscles turned, so round and bland,  
The attractive foot, the white and tapering hand ;  
The polished brow, the nose, the cheek, the eye,  
And rosy lips that make poor mortals sigh ;—  
The fibrous nerves expanding into brain,—  
The tongue, aha !—let those who can, explain !  
Yet though this latter oft unguarded leads  
From reprehensive thoughts to looser deeds,  
Yet base it surely is, *that all the shame*  
*Should fall on her who is the least to blame—*  
That we the victim shun, though wreathed in  
    smiles,  
We meet the serpent with his hundred wiles !

Discursive tracing, whence these evils flow,  
Back to the fount they lead of all our woe !

Unconscious innocence' unguarded hour,  
Assailed by Satan, fell beneath his power :  
Had woman self sufficient, not essayed  
To reason,—but the ordinance obeyed,  
Victorious she had been o'er all his wiles,  
And nature still had been arrayed in smiles.  
And how persistent is the tempter's plan,  
Though now he follows it through serpent-man !  
This c'er alert, by woman's gesture, sees  
The envied apple 'midst surrounding trees ;  
In features, figure, riches, or the mind,  
In one or all, is sure the fruit to find ;  
Applauds its merit—certain to make wise,  
And sequent penalties attached, denies :  
She gazes, listens, and attempts reply,  
*And stays to reason when she ought to fly !*  
Bewildered, trembles 'neath the serpent's stare,  
And, fluttering, lingers near the baleful snare ;  
Near, and more near, infatuate dares approach,  
At length 's engulfed, *and bears the whole reproach !*

See yon poor wanderer, as she passes by,  
With wasted form, and dim, lack-lustre eye !—  
Think'st thou she always was as she is now—  
In shame arrayed, with dark and moody brow ? \*

Ah ! no :—she once, in innocence attired,  
Was all a parent's fondest heart desired,—  
Sincere and gentle ; all the graces shone  
In her fair form,—a rose ere fully blown !  
But ah, alas ! in some unguarded hour  
A withering blight assailed the charming flower !  
At first 't was nothing—seemed a distant cloud,  
Her buoyant mind in passing gloom to shroud ;  
But soon it darker lowered, for in the mind  
The guileful serpent had himself entwined  
In ample folds, his venom to instil,  
And maiden modesty itself to kill ?  
Then wayward fancies in her spirit wrought  
Pensive, and fitful,—solitude she sought :  
And came the time, a parent's fostering eye  
Brought her no solace, for 'twas found too nigh !  
And then the madd'ning time, when it was feared—  
Escape her only hope—she disappeared !  
Left a pure home, and all the joy that's there,  
And plunged her parents into deep despair.  
E'en them the alternative of hope denied  
That dawns hereafter—had their offspring died !

Now see the creature, whose unsullied brow  
Ne'er felt the blush of shame, dark crimsoned now !



Modest at first—she shuns his revel-mates,  
But soon inured, joins in their wild debates.  
Amidst the laugh, the boist'rous song, and glee,  
And all the trappings of wild revelry;  
“The feast of reason, and the flow of soul,”  
When wine and passion hold supreme controul—  
Now mark the rolling of her prurient eye  
No meed of admiration can supply!  
Deceived herself—soon learns deception's art  
Where all's fictitious—nothing from the heart;  
For keen's the rankling pang, that though caress'd,  
The deference due to virtue's not express'd!  
Recriminations follow, floods of tears,  
Not drawn from penitence, but nervous fears;  
Yet former feelings, and some lingering shame  
Unite them still—still fan the guilty flame.  
Until dissensions of a fiercer kind  
Inflame the passions, and the league unbind.

Look on that face, so gentle once, so fair—  
Dire rage, revenge, and jealousy are there!  
The lips compressed; how fierce the eyes are now;  
Behold how threat'ning that once placid brow!  
Is it the same, unhallowed thoughts that fire,  
Who shortly since was all we could desire?

But look again—with sudden change of wiles  
Renewed in charms, she comes in borrowed smiles;  
With fell design, adopts the dreadful plan,  
That what has ruined her, shall ruin man—  
Her *fatal beauty*! still to wand'ring eyes  
Sufficient snare, when varnished by disguise.

Where now's the purity—the heart-felt smile  
Of those once artless lips that knew no guile?  
Ah! whither have they fled, to leave behind  
Such hateful dregs, to mark the fallen mind?  
In that bold look, and ~~contumacious~~ stare—  
No signs of former innocence are there;  
But altogether lost—bereft of shame,  
A woman's modesty she doth disclaim!  
And still descending, comes at last to be  
The foul, the loathsome thing thou now dost see!  
Doomed yet to linger on a life of woe,  
And drop at last into th' abyss below!  
Like some fair flower that decked the river's side  
When sudden torrents swell its rushing tide,  
Swept by the current, by the roots upturned,  
Down foaming rapids it is whirling borne;  
But all unheeded, 'midst the crowded mass  
Of floating wrecks, and boughs that rapid pass,

Swept on resistless to the fearful height :  
'Lost in the cataract, descends to night !

And so is woman, from the parent hearth  
Uptorn—like simple flower from native earth.  
The crowd, the pleasure-seeking, selfish throng  
Regard her as of nought, when borne along  
To endless misery ; nor ever think  
A soul immortal seeks perdition's brink !  
A prey to wretchedness through future years,  
Despised and pining 'midst disease and tears,  
Stretched on a pallet of unbending straw,  
(Her last resource—the boon of rigid law)  
With mournful wailing, or in wild despair,  
Lies lowly couched, the being once so fair !  
Fair ! fair !—could e'er such epithet apply  
To those pale cheeks, that dim and hollow eye ?  
Could sounds like these of such unhallowed tone,  
A day of spotless purity have known ?  
Or faultless spirits, seek *they* e'er the skies  
'Midst throes like these, and such convulsive cries !  
For, ah ! the hopeless soul has sped its way,  
And left the poison'd error-stricken clay !  
And, thus deluded, trusting in a lie,  
This wretched creature is allowed to die

Without one word from mercy's gracious store,  
*The sad, but faithful type of thousands more!*

Will none, stentorian-voiced, aloud declare  
That stricter justice should await the fair?  
For, why, to swelling streams if bounds are set,  
Are passion's ruthless floods uncheck'd as yet?  
Why left unguarded to o'erflow their banks,  
And carry devastation through all ranks?  
E'en prudence' self declares it is unwise,  
And all experience, glaring shows its vice:  
For, swift descending with o'erwhelming force,  
The sin recoils on its unchristian source!  
While Satan follows still his well tried plan,  
*Her he beguiles—and she deceives the man!*

That such should be permitted, seems so strange,  
To reconcile it, asks a wider range;  
For justice partial, seeming left to fate,  
Points with precision to a future state,  
Where much concealed of what occurs while here  
In characters of truth, shall then appear.  
But grant a middle state, these hopes are lost,  
The mind bewildered, is in chaos tossed;

Sweet retribution's solace disappears :

No ground for hope ; and still less cause for fears.

No mid-transition, then, 'tween woe and bliss

Nor resting place, when souls depart from this !

Then, where in penal purgatory ?—where ?

In minds diseased ; in thoughts as vague as air !

Hail ! offspring monstrous of infernal sire !

Great mental effort of Satanic fire !

In all most wonderful ; in all deform

Vast in dimensions, yet to self conform—

Aided by tropes, I fancy thee in part,

The vanishing points of a depraved heart !

Containing murder, infamy, and lies,

And all that from a source so evil rise ;

E'en what is lacking there, in thee we trace

Iniquity projected into space !

But, whither art thou ? when hadst thou thy birth ?

Born underneath, how camest thou to earth ?

The terms of grace, in simpleness are given,

Like all decrees that emanate from Heaven.

Not words declarative, to fence around

The doubtful limits of disputed ground ;

But laws immutable ; as sure as those

By which the earth above the waters rose.

So simple, and distinct the heavenly creed,  
"That those who run—may run, and yet may read."

Satan o'ercome, received a mortal blow,  
Yet, though defeated, dared his heavenly foe !  
In council circled by his fell compeers  
Th' inveterate Enemy of mankind appears  
And to his revel mates recounts his fears.  
Endless discussions occupied their days,  
Yet farther still they wandered in the maze,  
As dark, as dire, as undefined was found  
Their varied counsel as the space around,  
And, the vast multitudes that weltered there  
With their dread chief, in madness and despair,  
Drew no conclusion from their wild debate,  
No project ripened to avert their fate ;  
Complex, diffuse, their daring, impious schemes  
Were found to be as frenzied mid-day dreams :  
Till Satan, eminent in every ill,  
Arose supreme, and thus pronounced his will.

" In that great plan that remedies the fall,  
" And mankind rescues from our iron thrall,  
" To *simpleness* its chief adaption's due,  
" For its conditions are reduced to two.

“ ‘Do this on earth ; believe, and thou art safe  
“ (For no repentance is beyond the grave,)  
“ ‘ But fail to do so, and thy soul descends  
“ ‘ To that dread place where torment never ends.  
“ ‘ Believe and be baptized,’ is all that’s asked,  
“ Man cannot say he’s too severely tasked.  
“ From this simplicity, and terms so clear,  
“ We have, undoubtedly, the worst to fear.  
“ For who, if wise, between the two would pause!  
“ Would any soul come *here* without a cause !  
“ But, add a third condition to the plan,  
“ And we are sure of vacillating man ;  
“ Let him procrastinate—his change delay,  
“ And do to-morrow what he ought to-day,  
“ Believe, on earth he may enjoy his will  
“ And yet retrieve—his dues thereafter fill,  
“ No matter when, or where, how short, how long,  
“ This ne’er a question by the thoughtless throng,  
“ Enough for them, if days of grace prolong—  
“ *If taught to think, they change beyond the grave*  
“ *Their souls, then nothing can thereafter save !*  
“ The plan was simple that destroyed our hope,  
“ Simple must be our wiles with it to cope.  
“ Some medium state let us suppose near this,  
“ Where souls may linger, and prepare for bliss,

“ For ‘bliss?’ aye—such as these abodes supply  
“ Where live the gnawing worms that never die !  
“ But let that pass. Not these our subtile schemes  
“ To damp their hopes by such obnoxious themes,  
“ But more consistent, with some title grace  
“ That leads to expectation, this——our place.”

He ceased, and coloured high with livid shame,  
For even Satan blushed, the place to name !  
O'erjoyed, the fiends sent forth a hideous yell,  
Which still re-echoes through the caves of Hell :  
In their audacious madness, thought 'twas given  
To their ideal place to rival Heaven !  
And still their shouting rang like boist'rous waves  
Through never-ending, dark, descending caves.

Silence restored, though 'midst the distant sound  
Of frightful yells (infernal music !) round  
The prince resumed, with brow of darker hue  
As his fell mind realized the dreadful view,  
“ Repress your ill-timed mirth ; we yet may fail ;  
“ All that we've done is still of no avail !  
“ What is't to us ; or less,—what is't to man,  
“ Thus to have traced with deep design our plan ?  
“ Schemes not matured, or not as yet combined,  
“ Are but imaginations of the mind,—



"Effect no real change,—produce no fruit—  
 "Are clouds deprived of water,—trees of root;  
 "But rather, let our dire ambition be  
 "In this new Eden, how to plant our tree;  
 "And when matured, with subtile art induce  
 "Unwary man its deadly fruits to use."  
 He said; amazement reigned; and not a sound  
 Was raised, to break the silent spell around!

Three centuries had passed, and yet the king  
 Of terrors sat unmoved, with drooping wing,  
 Reflecting darkly, how he should proceed  
 With most effect to consummate the deed;  
 And all the while the church on earth had peace,  
 Within was harmony, around, increase;  
 Until one See more emulous of sway,  
 Pretended, all, *her* mandates should obey,  
 In spite, that when on earth, *He* did declare,  
 "No place exclusive shall be found for prayer,  
 "Nor here, nor yonder, incense shall be given;  
 "In truth and spirit ye shall worship Heaven:"  
 Nor cared! So long as they opposed the plan  
 Of bold aggression on the rights of man,  
 Of deepest dye, not transient earthly power,  
 But man's great right, his spiritual dower,

Nefarious sought to grasp within her See,  
As free a gift, as grace itself is free !  
Left baser robberies to meaner souls,  
But strove to gain what all alike controuls

Satan, aroused, perceived with stern deligh  
The fatal error, and prepared for flight  
On wings of savage hope,—joy all his own,—  
Upon their altars to erect his throne.  
What erst was wanting to complete the chain  
He found ; and donned on her his new domain,  
Of bounds indefinite,—unknown extent—  
In harvest rich,—illimitable rent,—  
Where fallen spirits form their fruitful trees,  
And gains are gathered from the mind's disease ;  
Morals relaxed, religious rites impure,  
In skilful hands become the best manure ;  
'Mongst which the gnawing worms luxuriant breed,  
On pining souls in misery that feed !  
And all fictitious—all a monstrous lie !  
Not this the fate that waits us when we die ;  
For souls of men in disembodied state  
Incur no change, they alter not their fate ;  
And thus it seems, that reason e'en denies  
A middle state in yonder glorious skies.

While truth revealed, assumed with widest range,  
Firmly rejects a place of penal change.  
To loose or bind on EARTH in grace was given,  
And the resolve should be confirmed in heaven,  
By which a middle state must be denied,  
The two extremes so clearly are implied;  
The one is heaven, the other is our sphere,  
Nor right of substitution doth appear.

Besides, what beings guard the ideal place,  
And by their efforts purge the soul to grace?  
Better?—or worse?—or souls themselves impure?  
Else who reigns there? who guards the penal door?  
Is it pretended soberly to say  
Angels of light forsake the realms of day?  
That seraphs their bright scenes of love forego,  
To teaze men's souls through endless years of woe!

If dæmons reign, in evil who delight,  
Can they, perverse, put wicked men aright?  
Or is it so, that souls like certain wines,  
Improve by heat, and sudden change of climes?  
On torments tossed, like surging tropic seas,  
Limpid become, and drop their filthy lees!

Or more confiding, should *they* guard the door,  
How can the wicked horde be pent secure?

Rebels by nature, callous to all threats,  
Without one penance they would pass the gates,  
And if no penance, then the thing is done,  
For by the pains, the penalties are won !  
• Yet, ah ! what myriads are thus made to stray  
With hopes delusive, 'yond the grave to pray  
That there, not here, the mighty change takes place  
That justifies, and sanctifies by grace !

Away with all such refuges of lies !  
There is no middle state in yonder skies ;  
For, when the silver cord is severed here  
That binds the spirit to this nether sphere,  
Freed from its load (the all-absorbing clay)  
It soars, attracted to the realms of day,  
Unchanged in aught, except that here, below  
Its real state we did not, could not know.  
But there, alas ! (How dreadful to conceive !)  
The disembodied soul has no reprieve !  
If unrenewed, appalled, it stands alone  
Polluted still, before the judgment throne !  
Here, the material covering oft misleads,  
And veils from human eyes its secret deeds ;  
But there, what covering can from Him conceal ?  
Who in deception dares with Him to deal ?

Shall He who formed the eye not thorough see ;  
That made the heart, and thine still hidden be ;  
The wondrous ear that formed, and thee not heard ;  
The blood, and knew not thine rebellion dared  
Against its fountain ? Vain, audacious mite !  
Why was His arm not bared at once to smite ?  
Why was it not ?—Because in wond'rous love  
He found a ransom for thy sins above,  
Who bore the mighty load in love to thee,  
Received the blow, and let thy soul go free !  
And by his power alone, and by his grace,  
The spirit 's changed ere yet its flight takes place.  
For, if according to the human soul  
The will 's supreme, and regulates the whole,  
It follows clearly, something on the will  
Must act, or it remains unaltered still ;  
Or else, abandoned to this purblind guide,  
It would, though erring, by the will abide ;  
While, as immortal, so must likewise be  
Its actions here, through all eternity !  
This none can doubt, unless they should deny  
That immortality can never die.  
And hence it is undoubtedly confessed,  
“ *That on the soul its every deed's expressed*

*" Indelible with adamantine pen*

*" The thought, resolve, the circumstance and when,"*

Unless expunged by bounteous sovereign grace ;

The only means that can these stains efface,

Can change the current, inward that revolves—

To sanctify the soul, and its resolves.

• And thus, it doth remarkable appear,

*The soul's an index of our sojourn here !*

In order ranged, no circumstance concealed,

Thoughts, words, and actions clear as day revealed :

No *words*, nor *actions*, can till then remain

The *soul's resolve* alone, the *innate stain*,

The matrix whence these overt acts proceed,

Or what, when in the body, 's called the *deed*.

'Tis not the missile ~~that~~ we blame, whose blow,

When least expected, lays the guileless low ;

But back recurring, to the treach'rous hand,

The crime is traced to him who guilty planned,—

And so with man ; 'tis not the word or deed

Which, missile-like, do from the soul proceed,

But 'tis the inward move—deliberate will

And combination of the soul, that's *ill* !

From this alone does every crime arise

That renders man an alien to the skies !

But hark ! the sounds that woo us back to earth—  
Whence have these heart-sprung acclamations birth ?  
Hark ! hark again ! what loud and joyful cheers !  
The welcome land in outlines faint appears !  
Scarce to the eye distinct, so azure blue,  
The intermingled clouds perplex the view,  
And would all hope dispel, did not the breeze  
Sweep on the clouds, but leave unaltered these,  
Which seem more fix'd ; distinct, the careless eye  
Can trace the line that sep'rates earth from sky—  
Now sharply peaked, assumes an upward flight  
Of bold ascent, and marks some towering height ;  
Anon descending, seeks the level main—  
The tamer features of some fertile plain.  
Yet, both alike the outlines of a world,  
When valleys sank, and hills aloft were hur'd  
By his command, who formed the pristine light,  
And it divided from chaötic night,  
To send it forth, a messenger through space,  
The slumbering orbs, revolving dark, to trace !  
Onward it sped, with all-resistless force,  
To overtake the planets in their course :  
Strange yet to motion round their centre line—  
To hill or dale, variety of clime ;

One vast expanse of waters bound the whole,  
Of equal temperature; from pole to pole—  
“From pole to pole,” *as known to us alone*;—  
Then neither pole, nor equatorial zone;  
Till the command—“Let light speed on its way,”  
And eve and morn became the proto-day !\*  
The planets trav’ling in their ambient field  
To this *new power* dared no resistance yield,  
But to evade it, round their axis wheeled,  
And passed, eccentric, the resistless blow  
’Pon work of ages undisturbed below.  
In Nature’s womb—a sea without a shore,  
Where darkness reigned intense, and brooded o’er,  
Wide-spreading layers of massive rock supine,  
There formed—the anti-sediment of time,  
And plants herbaceous, subaquatic trees,  
Gigantic tenants of the former seas;  
Where heat and moisture, with true wisdom  
    planned,  
Had stored materials for the present land;  
Nor insects were despised,—for myriads there,  
Of kinds diverse, wrought out each shelvy layer:  
Bereft of motion, yet with constant toil,  
They left calcareous trophies in the soil.

\* See note M.



To mark successive, by each change of class,  
The grades which WORLDS, when they are forming,  
pass,  
Until complete; when forth the heavenly light  
Was called to share alternately with night;  
And raised these relics high—there to remain  
The craggy sides of some huge mountain chain!  
To show to all, who scan the rocky steep,  
His wonder-working wisdom in the deep!  
From whence rotation caused the whole to rise  
Towards the space, where's now the glorious skies,  
Though then unknown—no firmament was there,  
No bright expanse was yet of vap'rous air!  
Beyond the others were the denser hurled,  
And rear'd their heads, the mountains of the world!  
While lagging strata on their sides recline,  
And fused by friction, show the bold design;  
Immutable they stand, and loud proclaim  
In adamant columns the Eternal's fame!  
From them, in terrors, too, He gave the law,  
While at his presence they did shake with awe!  
Though thick the darkness, loud the thunder's peal,  
On Sinai's summit He did then reveal,  
In goodness, "to his servant all his ways,"  
With glimpse as bright and quick as lightning rays;

Raised by his Spirit, the impervious screen,  
(Which else to man would ever intervene,)  
And showed creation's secrets to the core,  
Whence all the hills, and what they were before !

Though vast, confused to microscopic eyes,  
By laws dynamic they did all arise :  
Not thrown by chance—commingled without form,  
Like the huge relics of some dreadful storm ;  
But every grain of sand—each mountain-mass  
Did with precision through the balance pass ;  
E'en the vast continents a law display,  
Based on the motion that creates the day ;  
Not transverse stretching, but from pole to pole ;  
Show the same impetus upraised the whole !  
And when complete—when into mould were cast,  
*The models vanished, and the hills stood fast !*  
While works so wond'rous these designs unfold,  
Omnipotence alone could wield the mould,  
Or bear the ponderous weight ! and does so still,—  
His truth upholds the fabric of his will,  
Which rose complete when he wheel'd round the  
earth  
Upon its axis, and decreed their birth,—

While their deep hollows formed the caverned shore,  
'Designed to curb the raging waters' roar,  
Which, roused from slumber of unmeasured time  
By rotate motion, rushed towards the line ;  
Nor thither straight impell'd—increasing space  
A half gyration caused the flood to trace.  
Surcharged with fragments from the natal throes  
Of mountain-chains, which 'neath the strata rose,  
Loaded with blocks immense, with silts and sands,  
To smooth th' asperities of tropic lands,  
To fill their chasms, and compose their soil,  
The rushing waters from the poles did toil,  
And matter bore to constitute the whole  
Which spheres demand, when wheeling on their  
pole ;  
They swell in bulk around the torrid zone,—  
Rotation's figure—now a world full grown !  
Onward the waters toiled, but in their pace  
Decreasing as they neared their destined place,  
They grasped their burthen with a feebler hand,  
And strewed the boulder o'er the new-formed land ;  
Creation's land-marks—unremoved, to show  
To future ages how they then did flow ;  
Their Maker's mandates willing to obey  
When roused from sleep on that eventful day :

Pent in their bosom, too, they faithful bore  
Air's embryo principles in plenteous store,—  
Reserved secure, until proclaimed the rite  
That joined these elements to buoyant light !  
These waters then “ungathered”—now the seas,  
O'er which we're wafted by the fresh'ning breeze  
Towards the land, which *then* no foliage knew,  
That looks so verdant now—not distant blue.  
As nearer we approach the spicy land,  
Where vegetation smiles on every hand ;  
Seen through the glass, that concentrates the light,  
Confines the rays, and aids the distant sight,  
Appears to us, a green and fertile isle  
Where Nature, jocund, seems alone to smile :  
    Gazing, we wonder, she, thus partial here,  
Should so profuse of all her gifts appear  
So much unlike our northern sterile clime,  
Where all perfection is the work of time ;  
Here richest foliage decks the varied scene  
With woody groves, and fields that intervene ;  
There hang the clustering cloves, whose blossoms  
    bright  
Perfume the breeze, and charm the gazer's sight ;  
The nut more spicy, and more valued still,  
The air around doth with its fragrance fill.

Fertile the plantain, with its foliage broad,  
Shields from the vertic rays its bounteous load,  
Absorbing moisture from the air around  
To sate its thirst, when none beneath is found.  
Th' Areca fragile, the soft clustering vine,  
Around their props are graceful seen to twine;  
The acacia, myrtle, and the orange gold  
Blend with the palma christi's form more bold;  
And man's companion, too, at length appears—  
Its head erect, the cherished coco rears,  
Luxuriant seen by ocean's verge to grow,  
But yields no fruit beyond its tidal flow;  
Amphibious doomed by nature's generous wiles  
To clothe with verdure new-formed coral isles,  
And beacon-like, to guide the wandering eye  
To where man's habitation's sure to lie:  
These in the distance, now, distinct are seen  
The glowing white, emerging from the green;  
One o'er the rest, with high surrounding walls  
Conspicuous stands, and our attention calls,—  
Proclaims the seat of him who there has sway;  
And thence commands, with bristling front, the bay,  
To commerce closed, yet kind, humane indeed.  
To sad misfortune, or to those in need:

Of this assured, and trusting in our state,  
We inward pass; to tell them of our fate;  
Enlist their sympathy in our sad cause,  
To grant relief in spite of fiscal laws,  
Sanction our entrance, and permit our stay,  
The barque to trim within their friendly bay.

Like suppliant wounded in some rightful claim,  
Who boldly comes, nor fears reproach or shame;  
So we, availing of the seaward gale,  
With ardour crowd each flowing crippled sail;  
Till safe, at length, we reach the crowded shore  
Where anxious groups our shattered barque explore  
With wondering eyes; so vast the hull appears  
To the low fabric that above it rears  
Its stunted crest; to nautic skill unknown,  
More like some monster on their sea-beach thrown  
By stormy billows, when enraged they heave—  
Rush o'er the land, and there their victims leave;  
A nearer survey dissipates their fears;  
At length we anchor midst a burst of cheers,  
Re-echoed from the shore with heart and hand,—  
A friendly welcome to the spicy strand!  
Nor we, unmindful of celestial dues,  
Our grateful homage for our lot refuse;

But fond, adoring, raise our streaming eyes  
'To Him, in need, who heard our plaintive cries—  
Rebuked the tempest ; and forbade the storm  
Our lives to peril, or one hair deform ;  
BUT STRETCHED, IN MERCY, HIS KIND MANTLE O'ER  
OUR SHATTERED BARK, AND BROUGHT IT TO THE SHORE.

END OF CANTO I.

~~~~~  
NOTES TO CANTO I.  
~~~~~





## NOTES TO CANTO I.

NOTE A. pp. 31—32.

*And thy pure spirit fires a later name,  
Of death ambitious, or eternal fame.  
With bold design to intersect the globe,  
Where thy sad fate prevented thee to probe :  
Wrapt in the stillness of a living tomb,  
By night enshrouded in continual gloom.  
Oh, shield him Heaven—attend our ardent prayer,  
And, sympathetic Spirit, be thou there !  
Waft from him dangers, elemental strife,  
Save him from harm, and spare his venturous life !*

At the period when these verses were written, the uncertainty respecting the fate of Captain (now Sir Wm. Edw.) Parry and his hardy and enterprizing companions, shut up in the frozen regions of the Arctic Zone, was at its height, and public anxiety and sympathy were correspondingly great. Sharing in these feelings, especially in the latter, with more keenness, perhaps, than others, who had not experienced the dangers of navigating parts of the world but little frequented—for when I wrote them we were crossing the Northern Pacific to reach the Russian Establishments on the coast of California,—I was led to express myself in the way I have done. I trust,

therefore, that no apology will be required for letting them now remain, although the anxiety then entertained has long since merged into felicitations for delivery and partial success.

NOTE B. Page 36.

*At length adopted, trained to nicer rules,  
It owned the manage of more pompous schools;  
In hopes prospective,—hopes, alas! in vain,  
Of docks and harbours for our naval train.*

At a later period of its history, and long after Penang had become a part of British India, by arrangement with the king of Queda, (in which, I believe, the interests of Mr. Light and his successors were duly provided for) it was proposed to have made it the eastern rendezvous of our fleets in India. From what we have since experienced of the proceedings of some of our neighbours who exercise sovereignty in these regions, as well as the derangement of our relations with the Chinese, it seems to me to be a question, whether, had Penang been made our naval head quarters, in place of Trincomalie, matters with regard to these powers would not have been on a very different footing. Certainly the climate of Prince of Wales Island is much superior to that of the Northern ports of Ceylon.

When in Penang I enjoyed the acquaintance and friendship of the late enterprising possessor of the Glugor Estates, and remember with feelings of peculiar satisfaction the rides we frequently took through the almost endless alleys of nutmeg trees—to which he looked forward with so much certainty for an ample recompense for the attention he bestowed upon them, for scarcely a blade of grass was visible any where around, so sedulously were the plantations cared for.

I remember a saying of the Chinese, "If his trees bear fruit" (for at the period I allude to very few were in bearing) "the proprietor may roof his house with gold!"

Whenever I observe an importation of nutmegs reported from Penang, my memory recurs to the scene around Glugor House, where, in imagination, I still behold the endless ranges of slim, delicate nutmeg sapplings, with their palish green leaves, contrasting vividly with the dark red soil on which they grew, but without either blossom or fruit in the whole vista; and hear my friend replying, with characteristic shrewdness and breadth of Northern dialect, to the Chinese observers — "And *why* shouldn't they bear as well as in the Moluccas? The soil's as good here as there. The sun's as warm; the rain as refreshing, and I'll take care they've as good cultivation; I don't see why they shouldn't bear." I sincerely trust that his prognostications and my wishes for the prosperity of his plantations have been verified, and

"That crowded boughs with fragrant harvest bend!"

NOTE C. Pages 48, 49.

• •  
*Warmed by the scene, the fancy freer roams  
 To former days, when, loathing peaceful homes,  
 Malaya's daring sons from neighbouring shores  
 Did hither come in quest of richer stores.  
 See the rude throng, led on by warrior's hand,  
 Defeat the ruder children of the land!*

\* \* \* \* \*

*In mingled combat wounds are ta'en and given;  
 At length the weaker to the hills are driven,  
 And leave the strangers all their fruitful coast,  
 Who raise Malaka, in its strength to boast.*

MALAKA, which has communicated its name alike to the delightful Straits, and to the extended Peninsula

on which it is situated, a little more than two degrees North of the equator, derives its own name from a fruit-tree called "*Malaka*," abounding indigenously in its neighbourhood.

I would scarcely have considered it necessary to have particularized this comparatively unimportant part of the British dominions in India, were it not for the fact, that MALAKA, small as it is, constitutes a distinct and faithful index, on which may be read, as in a glass, the successive rise and fall of several influential nations, both Asiatic and European, during many centuries; and also displays, at the same time, in undeniable characters, the advantages of an enlightened and equitable system of international and commercial policy. Before proceeding, however, to illustrate what I have now asserted, I deem it proper, in justice to myself, to explain, that when I mention liberality of commercial policy, I by no means wish to be considered an advocate of *extreme free trade* principles; for, I admit the axiom in commercial matters, as it is in every thing else, "*That the power which will not allow itself to be regulated and controlled ought to be destroyed.*"

As far back as the middle of the twelfth century (1160), the comparatively enlightened and enterprising Malays issued forth from Monancabou in Sumatra, and crossing over the intermediate Straits, attacked the ruder inhabitants of the mainland, and drove them from the coasts, to seek shelter in the almost impervious woods and hills towards the centre of the Peninsula, where races, descended from them, are still found in a state little better than the insensate animals around them—living on roots and wild fruits, and unknown to traffic, beyond the sale of gums.

The conquerors gave the proud title of *Tanah Malaya*, the *Land of the Malays*, to the territory of their conquest; and, it seems, first founded Singapoura, (The Lion's Town,) and subsequently, in 1252, they built MALAKA. With the

exception of their wars with Maja Pohit, they enjoyed a long and uninterrupted period of prosperity and dominion, during which their celebrated Sultan, Mahomed Shah, voluntarily embraced the Mahommedan faith, and imposed it on his subjects. This may be considered the first era of persecuting proselytism and intolerance in matters of religion, and he may be looked upon as the *Intrusionist chief* of his day in that part of the world !

Towards the latter end of the fourteenth century, the Siamese spread their victorious arms to the southward and westward, and during the greater part of the fifteenth century held the sons of Monancabou in subjection, although at the expense of many a hard struggle ; and eventually, in 1509, they were repelled by these hardier adventurers, who again breathed a short period of freedom, and enjoyed prosperity.

Meanwhile events were taking place in another part of the world which were soon to be felt by the Malays, for Europe was awaking from the deep slumber of the middle ages, and with the revival of its lights a commensurate degree of energy and enterprize was manifested in their undertakings. The Portuguese were the first who visited Malaka with the design of conquest, and in 1511 it was taken by Alphonzo D'Albuquerque, after an obstinate resistance ; which seems to have been retaliated by continued severity on his part, and that of his successors, although they never succeeded in entirely subjugating their fierce opponents, who fled to the southward and founded Johore.

Along with their victorious arms the Portuguese introduced into these regions the intolerant and cruel bigotry of their superstitious religion, for we find, amongst others who were at Malaka, the name of the celebrated companion of Loyola, St. Francis Xavier.

In Malaka, the Portuguese established the inquisition : the walls of its court still remain on the neighbouring romantic rising grounds ; and when we consider what

pabulum a Mahomedan population would afford to the fiery zeal of the disciples of Torquemada, we may, without much hesitation, pronounce this to have been the second, and the more intolerant era of religious persecution—of bigotry and of superstition.

Towards the middle of the seventeenth century, these very causes, acting like so many canker worms on the vitality and energy of the Portuguese power both in Europe and in Asia, it had very much declined; while another nation, in achieving its own political independence, acquired that robustness and enterprize of character, which usually accompanies such endeavours, as well in states as in individuals. And, in accordance therewith, we find by this remote, but faithful index, that in 1640 the Dutch took MALAKA from the Portuguese, after an obstinate siege of six months.

A century and a half thereafter, or in 1795, when the science and the learning of Europe had completely outstripped its antiquated political regime, and the great revolution had commenced which is still in rapid progress, and when French ambition and energy was too much for Dutch calculation, the British, now on the ascendant, considered it essential for the security of their commercial intercourse with China and the Eastern world, to secure Malaka to themselves; and, therefore, sent a small force and took possession of it.

In consequence of the insidious peace of Amiens, when French diplomacy was too much for English isolation, and the purblind ignorance of our then exclusive system, we restored Malaka to the Dutch; but on discovering the real character of the truce, and the recommencement of general hostilities, took possession of it again in 1807. Our allies, of whose interests we were so careful, seem to have exercised a system of rigour and cruelty little short of any of their predecessors, although directed more to civil and political than to religious matters; and hence,

the general satisfaction which was afforded to and felt by all, when the instruments of torture and cruelty used by them, were publicly burnt by Lord Minto when he visited Malaka in 1811.

Shortly thereafter, or in 1815, when European diplomacy, practised to adroitness by the violent and severe alternations that had so long been familiar to the nations on the Continent, was found, at the memorable congress of Vienna, to be once more too much for the partial isolation and contracted views of those statesmen who then ruled the destinies of Great Britain, both Malaka and Banca were restored to our commercial opponents—the Dutch, and remained under their dominion until 1825, when the former, and the circumscribed territory which surrounds it, were finally taken possession of by the English, in compliance with the treaty which defined with greater precision, and on more convenient and comprehensive principles, the boundaries of the two dominant Governments on the Malayan Peninsula and adjacent Archipelago.

Perhaps it would be well, if those who now govern, casting a glance behind them, and recognizing in the errors of their predecessors the causes of their successive decline, and the reason why dominion has passed successively out of their hands, would adopt a policy civil, commercial and religious which might ensure the permanency of their rule, and the spiritual and temporal well-being of their subjects.

But it is not only as a measure of *power*, but likewise as an index of *principle*, that the remote point of MALAKA can be held up to the public: for it will be seen, from what has been said, that it came under European dominion in 1511, and has been subject to its last possessors, the Dutch, since 1640; and yet, in 1825, when given up by treaty to the British, the town and territory around it could only number 20,000 inhabitants! and so languid and



decayed was their traffic, that it was difficult to say what were its chief branches; while, on the contrary, the small Island of Singapore, taken possession of by Sir Stamford Raffles, in right of a treaty with the Tomagong, on the twenty-sixth of February 1819, and numbering at that time only 150 inhabitants, had, under the genial influence of British government, and liberal commercial policy, increased in the short space of six years—or at the same period as we took possession of Malaka, to nearly 15,000 inhabitants, and carried on an almost inconceivable amount of traffic with China, Europe, and almost every Malayan and Siamese Port in its vicinity.

The number of vessels which entered and cleared out the year previous (1824) having been 1552, of which no fewer than 249 were square-rigged, and bound to foreign parts; 1303 native craft.

These are facts which only require to be stated and clearly understood, to carry conviction even into the most prejudiced mind.

NOTE D. Page 51.

*In early dawn, high peaked, of azure hue,  
The Carimans appear, to change the view,  
Whose shores unsheltered, and unfriendly coast,  
The honour of our rule them lately lost.*

It is, perhaps, not very generally known, that Sir Stamford Raffles had intended to have made the Carimans the site of British dominion to the South of Malacca in the straits of that name, but was dissuaded from his purpose by Captains Ross and Crawford, who had very recently examined, and found them deficient in harbours; while they, on the other hand, as strongly recommended SINGAPORE. It was said, at the time, by those whose rank entitled them to know, that these communications were

made to Sir Stamford by Captains Ross and Crawford, when they fell in with the expedition *en route*; and that, shortly after the conference they had on board of the Commodore's ship with Sir Stamford, the course of the fleet was unexpectedly altered for Singapore.

From what I afterwards saw of Sir Stamford, and knew of the party politics of the period, I am inclined to think, these celebrated surveyors did not meet the fleet accidentally, but by *previous arrangement*. While the adoption by Sir Stamford of their suggestions, and his penetration in at once perceiving the superiority of Singapore, does him as much honour, as the results confer credit on his advisers for their superior discrimination. Certainly no spot could have been more fitly, or advantageously chosen for the peculiar commerce of the Straits of Malacca than Singapore. Few more delightful as a residence, and none superior to it with regard to salubrity; and this, notwithstanding the natural local causes which might induce to the opinion *à priori*, that it would be otherwise than healthy.

NOTE E. Page 51.

*Hail! genius brilliant, whose extended view,  
Thy country's honour, and her welfare knew!  
Too thin their flimsy veil to blind thine eyes,  
Thy hand stretched forth, the subtle cobweb flies,  
And modern Carthage's foundations rise:  
Most meet the ancient site thy wisdom chose,  
Round which as centre Eastern traffic flows;  
Where health has fixed her home; and pleasure reigns,  
And Commerce, joined with freedom, laughs at chains!*

The most complicated meshes of Dutch diplomacy, their determined hostility to the measure, and their continual agitation both in Europe and amongst the neigh-

bouring Malayan Rajahs, were brought, as it were, into focus against the permanency of the British dominion in Singapore; but the peculiar genius of Sir Stamford Raffles—his energy, activity and shrewdness, together with his thorough knowledge of the Malayan character, language and politics, and his experience of Dutch policy, were more than a match for the opponents of British dominion on that part of the globe. He knew well that, in this instance, he was the lion's paw,—that it was precisely where it ought to be; and, that he had merely to retain his position, and all the power and influence of the Dutch could not move him! “All I have to do,” he would say, “is to retain possession: for I know the Rajah with whom I have arranged for the island is the rightful possessor: and let the question, as to eventual occupation or abandonment, be settled at home.” Time has proved the soundness of this judgment!

NOTE F. Page 54.

*Thus planned and governed that! it soon proclaim  
The growing honours of the British name;  
While justly reined by our benignant code,  
Men from around shall form their new abode.*

I received the impressions, from which this prospective sketch of an ideal town at Singapore had its origin, during the first visit I made to it, a few weeks after it was taken possession of. The only dwellings on shore were tents and wooden sheds, while the forests were in progress of being cleared away, presenting the appearance of a partially mown field. Our vessel was anchored in the placid bay, close to the shelving beach, while the space destined to be the site of the future town, rising as it does in gentle acclivity, and sweeping round like an amphitheatre, lay

stretched out before my eye, a vast drafting board, on which it was scarcely possible to resist the temptation of sketching this imaginary capital. I have not had an opportunity of learning how near the *actual* town approximates to the *ideal* one; for, although I visited it twice since then, only a short interval of time had elapsed; and though the population had rapidly increased, perhaps at a greater ratio than any modern town in the world, still most of the buildings were temporary, and a different arrangement was talked of. Be it what it may, I shall always feel a deep interest in it, from having known it in its germ. And I sincerely wish for it all prosperity!

NOTE G. Page 58.

— *Then quit the task, restrain your views  
To what to man and science is of use ;  
Learn, when ye scrutinize maternal soil,  
To turn to comfort all unmeaning toil.*

These lines were written more than twenty years ago: Should what they imply be compared with the views developed towards the conclusion of the fourth part of this same canto, written last year, the difference will form no very inadequate criterion by which may be estimated the mental space travelled over during the intervening period. Indeed, when revising the work for publication, I was induced to let them remain chiefly with a design to show the change that has taken place, and the mental operation that must have been gone through, between the commencement and the conclusion of this small work !

## NOTE H. Page 74.

*But still resolved this shorter path to dare,  
 Despise these dangers, for its gains to share;  
 For reason says, and points to eastward seas,  
 " Behold your safeguard 'gainst the northern breeze !"*

This long and somewhat intricate passage, but free from hidden danger, which runs to the south of Luconia and north of Mindora, and between Mendumque and Buria on the one hand, and Masbate on the other; and *debouches* round the northern head-land of Samar, was not chosen as our route, until the Captain had made the most diligent enquiries of most of the men of practical and nautical experience to be found at Manilla; and there were several masters of ships then in port, who traded stately between that and the western coasts of America.

The season for commencing such a voyage had not, I have reason to suppose, been sufficiently attended to, when the expedition was planned at first; for though not one hour's unavoidable delay was incurred in taking on board the Chinese portion of the cargo at Manilla, the period of the Monsoon was too far advanced for us to attempt the northern passage; and, therefore, all who were consulted, gave it as their opinion, that the Straits of Mindora and Samar offered alone any chance of success. And I have still every reason to believe, that, notwithstanding the disasters to which it conducted us, by the sudden setting in of the north-east monsoon at the very juncture when we were about to leave the eastern mouth of the Straits, it was the most preferable route which, under all circumstances, we could have adopted.

## NOTE L. Pages 76, 77.

*Batag's hoarse breakers on the lee we hear  
In concert with the gale, now howling loud,  
'Mongst ropes, and yards, and through each faithful shroud,*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Kind Heaven auspicious lends a gracious ear,  
The shoal we weather—our immediate fear.*

The uncertainty of mind, and the long and anxious watchings of that dreadful night I shall not easily forget! I had recently before then experienced several severe gales of wind, during the voyages I had made in the China seas, but none had been attended with the aggravation of having a long rocky point of land under our lee, with the vessel close hauled. Under these circumstances it may be easily imagined, that the hoarse and appalling noise of the breakers formed no very consoling addition to the howling of the increasing storm!

There is something, likewise, which renders the first of a series of hardships the least supportable; after one is fairly immersed in danger, the mind becomes comparatively callous to suffering. This peculiar feeling unavoidably occurs to me when I reflect on the dark, dreary, and comfortless night passed in doubling Batag! Since then, it has been my lot to round many a mental Batag—many a shoal and raging storm, in which I feared I should have made total shipwreck; but the same merciful Providence has interposed his protection, and enabled me to weather them all! and for which I am most grateful.

## NOTE K. Page 82.

*The fearful rocks we nearer still descry,  
And hope, our latest friend, prepared to fly;  
But Heaven in pity saw, and by His aid  
It fluttered, lingered, and at length it staid,  
Perched on Mercator's arm his soul to cheer,  
And taught his mind the labouring bark to veer.*

The cry that arose from the main deck when the rocks were first descried under the lee bow, with the mountainous billows breaking against them with a sound like thunder, and rising as high as the mast heads in sheets of foam, I shall never forget!

"The rocks! the rocks!" These were the words, but there was a peculiarity in the tone with which they were uttered, that I never heard before, have never since, and certainly would never wish to hear again!

In an instant thereafter, all was hurry and activity in getting the vessel veered—then the anchors down—and when it was found she was driving towards the bold and rocky shore, to leeward, which we could dimly distinguish through the haze, equal activity was employed in cutting away the masts. It was shortly after this last was accomplished that the interesting little incident occurred which gave origin to the idea in my mind which is described in the passage—

and by His aid  
It fluttered, lingered, and at length it staid,  
Perched on Mercator's arm his soul to cheer,  
And taught his mind the labouring bark to veer.

A pet dove, the only one then on board, and the property of the gunner, came up the after-companion from the 'tween decks, where it had taken shelter during the fury of the storm, and flew, or rather fluttered round the quar-

ter deck and poop, where we were all assembled, and darted down like light again below !

It seems probable that some peculiarly acute perception of atmospherical change induced this harbinger of safety to act as it did: for the gale began to abate from that moment! and hope, which afterwards ended in fruition, redawned in every breast.

Considering what seamen are with respect to pets of this kind, I need scarcely add, that what was before only the favourite of the gunner's mess, soon became that of the whole ship's company.

On reaching California, a mate was procured for it, and a cot built for them in the mizen top, from whence descended, during our protracted voyage, many a successive progeny in regular succession. Some of which, less practised than the parent doves, were driven to leeward and perished in the gales we afterwards experienced; but others, for aught I know, may still be inhabiting the mizen top, while the vessel herself is urged along, in the Southern Pacific, in pursuit of sperm whales, under the command of the present owner, *who was then our second officer.*

And I cannot refrain from observing, *en passant*, that when I learnt the fact of his having purchased the ship and fitted her out as a whaler, and then reverted to the character I sketched of my young friend, when only nineteen years of age, I consider, I formed a pretty correct estimate, from the germs then developing themselves, of what would be his after career. And when I consider the other equally strong trait in his character—mechanical ingenuity, I should not be at all surprised to learn, that he was, himself, the chief planner, if not the principal operator, in transforming the OCEAN'S PRIDE into a whaler!



NOTE L. Pages 86 and 94.

*Till gnawed by rocks, one cable false gives way,  
The recreant bark no longer stands at bay.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*The parted cable, lightened of its load  
With quick volutions to recall on board.*

It is still a mystery to me, how the vessel, fitted out in Calcutta in an age of such improvements, should have been sent to sea without chain cables, or, at all events, without *one* chain cable; and this feeling is augmented when I consider who then held the reins of the house to which she belonged—a thorough-bred seaman himself, and amongst the most experienced ship-owners in India, it might naturally have been expected that so essential a requisite for safety would have been found on board, especially when it is considered that coral rocks, shoals, and islands abounded where she was destined to go. Many a time, whilst we were in the critical situation I have attempted to describe, did I hear the captain exclaim, “Oh, if I had but ninety fathoms of chain cable, I would not be so worn out with fatigue and with anxiety for the fate of my poor crew!” But he was not so supplied. And yet the absence of this resource served to bring into bolder relief the unremitting care, their disregard of toil and fatigue, and the fertility of expedients evinced by all on board in their several stations.

Most probably if we had had chain cables on that trying occasion this poem would never have been written: I should not have been called upon to state whether we had them or not; nor of adding my expressions of sincere happiness, when I consider, that the chief of the house above alluded to, is still in the land of the living, and safely moored, secure from the ordinary storms of this life, and if he chuses can answer for himself; or, from the

many obligations I owe him, if he lays his commands on me, I shall be most happy to resume my avocation of amanuensis, and stand forth in his defence—in my next edition.

NOTE TO Page 143.

*Up ! and be doing, then, with heart and mind  
To scatter patronage before the wind !  
And, all united in one solemn band,  
From the fell monster free our native land !*

I shall purposely refrain from going into a lengthened discussion on a subject which has occupied the attention and the pens of so many able and well-informed writers. The spiritual enfranchisement sought by the Evangelical party of the Church of Scotland, is fraught with the principles which lie at the very bottom of man's regeneration. This has been fully and clearly shown by many of the writers on the subject, and will assuredly be recognised by those who search diligently into the question: and, therefore for the present, I shall content myself with bringing forward my own favourite apothegm, namely, That if there was no patronage in the church, and no monopoly in the market, both the souls and bodies of men would be better cared for, and we should neither have spiritual nor temporal destitution!—and, hence, all real well-wishers of the human race should heartily join in the sentiment—"NO PATRONAGE IN THE CHURCH; NO MONOPOLY IN THE MARKET!"

NOTE M, Page 183.

*Yet, both alike the outlines of a world,  
When valleys sank, and hills aloft were hurled  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Strange yet to motion round their centre line,  
To hill or dale, variety of clime.*

When the mind, open to the influence of truth, meditates upon the two great masses of knowledge which pre-

sent themselves like vast fragments, evidently designed to be parts of one great whole, although for the present widely apart—the one, the revelation which God has been pleased to give of the creation—the other, the work itself, as displayed by the indefatigable researches of geology; the conclusion that must be come to, is, that some TRUTH of magnitude, sufficient to fill up the mighty chasm, has yet to be unfolded; all attempts hitherto made to reconcile them having proved ineffectual. “The helpless, hopeless mind has turned almost in despair, from too close adherence to the otherwise admirable doctrine of Lord Bacon, “That Nature should be asked to reveal its own secrets.” Nature cannot answer all the questions put to it, by man, to impart a thorough comprehension of its formation; for there was a power beyond nature engaged in the work; and to the revelation of that Almighty Power must we turn for an elucidation, long after nature has remained mute to the enquiries which a rational and immortal Spirit requires to put, in order to satisfy itself regarding the formation of that sphere, which, while it carries him through space, is destined to be the footstool on which he is to stand, while he adores and serves the common Creator, and his God!

It was in such a frame of mind as this, and with the teachableness of a spirit that would, if it were possible, have divested itself of materialism, in order to have acquired a clearer insight into those wonderful secrets; while, at the same time, a belief and admiration was entertained of the important facts brought to light by geology, that I at length adopted the mental position of leaning with equal confidence in them both;—here, the word of God; and there His works!—the clear and the well-defined parts of one great whole, though with a vast chasm between:—while I was as equally convinced, that the TRUTH required to unite them, by filling up that space, (not by attempting so to modify these two branches of knowledge

as to work out a specious union between them, but to declare that which has hitherto been wanting,) would be a glorious truth; as there would be displayed to the view of the world's inhabitants a vista so grand, and so free from all impediment, as to lead the admiring soul from the works to the word of God, and from His word to the unhesitating confession of His Omnipotence, and the full acknowledgment of His sovereignty!

At the same time, I wish it clearly to be understood, as a prominent feature of the theory, whose outlines are about to be given, that the non-rotation of the earth, during a lengthened period, when the principal stratified masses were depositing, and the changes produced on its internal form when put suddenly into rotatory motion, are not conceptions emanating from geology, for the purpose of reconciling, however speciously, the seeming inconsistencies of the Mosaic account, and thereby rendering it less a stumbling block than it has hitherto been considered. But, on the contrary, I boldly and unhesitatingly assert, that without embodying the first chapter of Genesis, *literally*, (and by no means *figuratively*,) and with the same scrupulous precision, due to an algebraical formula, the formation of the earth cannot,—never will be satisfactorily explained: while, the adoption of the Mosaic account considered to be *the expressions of Nature's constitutional code*, can, with the assistance of geological phenomena, explain the whole.

And it is with the design of ushering in the dawn of this soul-satisfying theory, that I have thought fit to give, in this note, a short abstract of an extended exposition, prepared for publication on a former occasion; and, therefore, if the reader will accompany me for a few minutes longer, I shall endeavour to unfold such leading points as may be necessary to impart a clear conception of the theory,

These outlines are the following:—

1. That in the beginning, (a period altogether distinct

from the Mosaic week,\*) God created the materials of the heaven and the earth.

2. That the earth was then altogether without its present outward form; or the relative position of the various portions comprising its exterior crust.

3. That the "darkness" which "reigned on the face of the deep," is the Scriptural expression for *attraction*; and the undulatory theory of light is adopted.

4. That the earth remained in the state mentioned in this part of Scripture, for a period of sufficient duration to accomplish the deposition of most of the stratified masses. And although it travelled round the unilluminated sun, under dominion of the same laws which at present govern its orbital motion, it was not as yet impressed with rotatory motion, and was in form a sphere,† without inequalities of surface, and surrounded by an atmosphereless ocean of equal and moderate depth.

5. That there existed under its dark and atmosphereless waters, innumerable tribes of living creatures, which *had not the power of locomotion*, and there grew in it various kinds of herbaceous plants, differing from those called into existence on the third day; and of both plants and animals, under these specific laws, there were several successive creations.

6. That during the protracted period of non-rotation, there were formed and forming under its dark and atmosphereless waters, by the united instrumentality of mechanical deposition, of chemical and electrical action, and of animal and vegetable secretions and exhalations, those materials which were afterwards to constitute its geological, and part of its physical phenomena, but without occupying their present relative positions, or their actual forms or combina-

\* The week described by Moses in the first chapter of Genesis.

† Save a slight deviation occasioned by the attractive influence of the sun and moon.

tions; and that the ocean itself was, by the deposition taking place in it, simultaneously undergoing due preparation for its present state of perfection, all of which took place during that period alluded to in Scripture, wherein it is said, that "the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

7. That when these various works had attained the state most conducive to the sequent operations of the Omnipotent, the LIGHT was formed, on the first day of the Mosaic week, and made then, to occupy a distinct centre from that which it does at present.

8. That, considering light and heat to be modifications of each other, and the source of the material *expansive* principle in nature, and viewing the formation of the light as a *new force* introduced into the material universe, its effects are considered (acting tangentially) to have been the cause of the rotation of the earth, the sun, and the other spheres of our system; and that the first rotation of the earth around its axis, while it caused the proto-day, in time, became, from the centrifugal impetus it engendered, the immediate *secondary* cause of the following stupendous effects:—

a. The upheaving of the previously prepared primary and secondary formations. The former in many instances protruding through, and also raising up the latter.

b. The elevation of the great continental ridges of the world; and the depressing of corresponding hollows for the reception and confinement of the primitive circumfluent ocean. And, as an immediate result of these transformations, an extension of the surface of the earth.

c. The oblate figure of the earth.

d. The formation of the great intervening beds of breccia and conglomerate; and the spreading abroad in immense body of *debris* which contributed to form the more recent and horizontal of the secondary formations.

e. 'The peculiarity and conical form of mountains, and mountain ranges.

f. The locating of animal and vegetable remains where they are now found fossil.

g. A mighty rush of waters from the poles towards the equator (in a semi-spiral direction), in order to complete the figure of equilibrium in the aqueous portion, which transported immense bowlders and blocks and quantities of gravel, and much sedimentary matter, and contributed to fill up hollows, round off acclivities, and to form some of the most important of the horizontal stratified formations, and likewise aided in completing the figure of rotation.

h. That it caused, by friction arising from the movement *inter se* of these immense mineral masses, the *fusion* and *alteration* observable at the junction of the *primary* and *secondary* rocks; the ejection of mineral dykes and veins; and by the electrical influences evolved by sudden heat and friction, it caused the formation and arrangement of metals in the lodes or veins.

k. The formation, by mechanical deposition, of the new red sandstone, the oolitic, and the cretaceous groups, whose saline and gypsum deposits were precipitated when the waters were separated by evaporation from the dry land on the *third* day.

And m. The peculiar position of the coal-measures (the carbonized remains of the vegetation which covered the spherical earth) with respect to the new red sandstone and other formations which overlies them.

9. That during the *second* day of the Mosaic week, while the waters were yet in agitation and dispersion the expansive principle emanating from the LIGHT, was made to combine with elements held in solution by the primitive waters and form the atmosphere, the *firmament* of Scripture), which thus and then received its permanent *expansive* or *repulsive* nature. While the disengagement

of these elements from the waters was facilitated by the passing of debris through the agitated waters, part of which was separated, by union with the same buoyant principle, from the great mass of waters, and thereby ascending, became the watery vapour of the atmosphere.

10. That on the *third* day, the new-formed atmosphere became the agent by which the Omnipotent separated the water, from the level of the sea, by evaporation from off certain parts of the land above that level. And in doing so, amongst other precipitations there were left the salt and gypsum deposits of the new red sandstone, the oolitic, and the cretaceous formations.

11. That on the latter part of the same day, the new-formed earth was empowered, by a special command from the Creator, to produce the *three* natural classes of the vegetable kingdom, each of which is designated with perfect precision, namely—1st, “Let the earth produce grass,”—literally, “Let the earth send forth the shooting thing which expands,” the *Acotyledons* or *Acrogens* of the natural system. 2nd, “The herb yielding seed,” or the *Monocotyledons* or *Endogens*. And 3rd, “The fruit-tree yielding fruit, whose seed is in itself,” or the *Dicotyledons* or *Exogens*. The remaining, and especially the aquatic plants, being considered to have been willed into existence *at the beginning*.

12. That the LIGHT, having thus from its primitive centre fulfilled all which had hitherto precluded its being fixed and constituted so as to communicate to the earth only a limited but constant supply of its genial influence, was, on the *fourth* day, by the power of the Omnipotent, placed around the sun, which thereby, in our system, became alike the centre of *attraction* and *expansion*, these opposing influences travelling ever afterwards in parallel lines; while the illumination of the sun became the cause of signs, seasons, days and years, to those orbs which revolve around it.



13. That all things being thus prepared for the reception of the higher classes of animated beings *possessing organs and faculties of voluntary motion*, on the *fifth* day the *Deity* was empowered to produce its innumerable *moving tribes which live* (those which *have life* but are *immoveable* having been willed into existence at successive creations during the period of non-rotation) and the fowls which fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven.

14. That on the first part of the *sixth* day the earth received a similar special command, and brought forth all the remaining classes, orders, &c. of the animal kingdom which possess the power of locomotion. The latter part of the same day being destined to the formation of man, who was made after God's own image.

And 15. The *seventh* and last day of that eventful week was blessed and sanctified by the Great Creator, who condescended, by His own ineffable example, to teach our first parents how they and all their descendants were to observe one day in each of these assigned periods, holy, and dedicated unto Him who created "the Sabbath for them," and "rested on that blessed day from all the works which He had created and made."

These then are the outlines of the theory of the earth's formation, which has for its basis its non-rotation for a long but indefinite period, and its being put suddenly into diurnal motion by the introduction of LIGHT into the material universe, and it is hoped that sufficient has been said to induce a thorough examination of the subject, for which the author is prepared with proofs and data.









